
The Besieged City
and
The Heroes of Sweden

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AND

THE HEROES OF SWEDEN.

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THE BESIEGED CITY.

'The rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after-carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome.
Hark! to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street!'

BYRON.

INTRODUCTION.

IN order that the following story may be thoroughly understood, it is necessary to prefix to it a few words of explanation respecting the causes of the war during which the siege related in the following story took place, and respecting the principal leaders in the war on both sides.

The Thirty Years' War, in the course of which the city of Magdeburg was besieged and destroyed, was caused by the attempts of the Roman Catholic League to put down the Protestant religion by force. There was a general persecution, of the most cruel kind, of the Protestants in all the states of Germany ruled by Roman Catholic princes. Many thousands of persons wandered about, destitute of house or home. The Roman Catholic League raised a large army, which laid waste the Protestant kingdoms, and plundered and murdered their

inhabitants in the most inhuman manner. The general appointed as commander-in-chief of the League, Count von Tilly, was brought up by the Jesuits; and although he quitted the cloister and became a soldier, he showed himself, by the cruelties committed at Magdeburg on the pretence of fighting for the Roman Catholic religion, a worthy pupil of his masters.

In order to defend themselves against their Popish enemies, the Protestant princes of Germany formed themselves into a league called the Evangelical Union. The Protestant countries—England, the Netherlands, and Switzerland, as well as Denmark and Sweden — sympathized with the sufferings of their brethren in the faith. Unfortunately, there were petty jealousies among the Protestant princes in Germany; and, partly in consequence of these, there was a difficulty in finding a leader round whom all would consent to rally. In these circumstances, all eyes were turned to Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, the greatest hero as well as the most pious prince of the age. He was naturally considered one of the champions of true religion, his grandfather, Gustavus Vasa, having begun the Reformation in Sweden. It had been faithfully carried on by Charles IX.; and the son

of Charles, Gustavus Adolphus, brought up by pious tutors chosen by a religious father, became one of the most distinguished defenders of Protestantism.

The principal generals on the Popish side were Wallenstein, Tilly (already mentioned as a pupil of the Jesuits), and Pappenheim. Tilly and Pappenheim were the leaders of the army that besieged Magdeburg. Tilly was defeated by Gustavus, and mortally wounded, in a battle on the banks of the Lech. Pappenheim was killed in the Battle of Lützen, November 7, 1632, when the great Gustavus defeated his adversaries, but at the same time lost his own life.

In the first part of this book an account is given of a war carried on by tyrants and oppressors against freedom and religion. In the second part of the book an account is given of the struggles of the oppressed to obtain political and religious freedom.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAME BOY.

'Our Father which art in heaven.'—MATT. VI. 9.

ON a cloudy morning in the month of March 1631, there was a procession of young choristers singing in the streets of Magdeburg. With fresh, clear voices they praised God in devotional and beautiful hymns. Many a window was opened in the lofty houses. Sometimes the venerable face of an old person looked out, the head covered with a thick woollen nightcap; sometimes the blooming face of a girl, who listened, well pleased to hear the praise of the Lord sung by the children. Not only were the windows of the houses open, but also the hearts and hands of the inhabitants; and presents of more or less value were given to the singers, who, to judge by their dress, were the children of the poorer inhabitants of Magdeburg. In order to receive these gifts, one of the boys was provided

with a large linen bag, and, after their songs were ended, they received something from each of the houses—sometimes silver money, sometimes copper, sometimes an egg, a piece of bread, a few cakes, a little candle, even a few matches or other trifles, which were afterwards equally divided among them. They were not ashamed to receive these things. Had not the great Martin Luther sung in the same way in the streets when he was a boy?

When the cathedral clock struck eight, the little singers quickly stopped singing and closed their books; the processions in the various streets turned, and all went towards the schoolhouse, where most of the youth of the city were soon assembled. One of the choristers, dressed in a homely grey coat, was not able to keep up with the rest. Although he was leaning upon a strong staff, he limped at every step, and the perspiration was pouring down his face from exertion, as he saw all the others leaving him behind.

A companion called Lippert pitied the lame boy, took his books from him to carry them, and supported him with his arm, so that they both reached the schoolroom in time. Whilst the exhausted boy wiped the drops from his

brow, by a grateful look and a warm pressure of the hand he thanked the kind companion who had done so Christian a duty towards him. There was no time for words, for the singing began immediately; and from hundreds of rosy lips resounded psalms of praise and gratitude to God for all His mercies. Then the teacher prayed, and after the prayer the teaching began.

The first lessons were, of course, as is right, from the word of God, and then from a little book which Martin Luther, a hundred years before, had written for the uninstructed parish priests, but which was now not at all beyond the comprehension of the school children, which may show the improvement that had been effected by the Reformation. The teacher had chosen for the lesson of the day the first part of the Lord's Prayer. He told them that, though prayer was at all times needful, it was more especially required at that present time, for there were terrible things then happening in Christendom. When the lesson was over, the teacher looked compassionately at the poor lame boy, Sigismund Kuhnert, and said kindly, 'Is your knee no better?'

Sigismund shook his head sadly. 'My father,' said he, 'says that all is done that can

be done, and he has now no hope that I shall ever be well.'

'Poor boy! I am very sorry for you,' said the teacher. 'But wait! it has just occurred to me that His Grace the Archbishop Christian William, our ruler, at one time suffered long from a dangerous injury to his knee. As in your case, no means used by the doctors availed anything for a long time, till at last an ointment that was prescribed for him in a distant place completely cured him. Every one should do all in his power to recover his health: therefore I advise you to go to His Grace, and beg him to give you some of the famous salve.'

Sigismund was evidently terrified, and seemed unable to speak.

'Well! will you not follow my advice?' asked the teacher.

'I am too frightened,' replied Sigismund, trembling. 'His Grace the Archbishop has so many guards round him; and perhaps I might be punished if I were to go and ask this of him.'

'You are afraid of him!' replied the teacher. 'But have you ever prayed to God that your health may be restored?'

'Oh, over and over again!' replied the lame boy earnestly.

'It is rather singular,' said the teacher, 'that you can go with this petition daily to the Lord of lords, the King of kings, and yet you cannot venture to ask the Archbishop, who is only a servant of God, and a human being, as you and I are. You fear the guards of the Archbishop, but you do not fear the legions of angels of seraphim and cherubim who surround the throne of the Highest? I will tell you why that is. The Lord of heaven and of earth calls Himself your Father, and is the Father of all those who go to Him and trust in Him: therefore it is His will that we should not address Him as High and Mighty Prince and Lord, as our earthly rulers are addressed, but as "Our Father," as His Son has told us to say in the prayer He taught His disciples. God desires that we should believe that He is our true Father and we are His children, and it is His will that we should freely ask from Him all that we need, as loving children ask from the father who loves them, and whom they love. But, in another sense, His Grace the Archbishop is also our father; that is to say, he is the father of the country over which he rules, and

all his subjects should love him as children would do: therefore take courage; go to him and ask him yourself to help you. But wait till about eleven o'clock, for that is the best time to speak to him. We may pray to our heavenly Father at any hour of the day or of the night more than once—yes, times without number; but with the great men of the world we must take care, prudently, to choose the right time to address them. Go, my boy, and follow my advice; and come and tell me the answer that you receive.'

Sigismund limped away with a heart full of anxiety and perplexity. He did not wish to be disobedient to his teacher, and he would most gladly get a cure for his knee; but how was he to face the powerful Archbishop and his guards, servants, officers, counsellors?

His steps became slower and slower as he approached the palace. He would gladly have asked his father to go in his stead; but the teacher had advised him against this. 'Our heavenly Father,' said he, 'tells us to come directly to Himself with our petitions. I think that our Protestant Archbishop would rather that you should go to him yourself. He will see how much you need his aid.'

Poor Sigismund looked timidly at the soldiers who were guarding the entrance to the palace. They took no notice of the little lame boy, but appeared to be occupied with important matters about which they were conversing. In the palace itself there seemed to be great and unusual confusion. Messengers were arriving every few minutes, servants were running up and down stairs, and through the crowd glided the Prince's counsellors like supple eels, and officers with jingling spurs marched proudly up and down.

Unobserved and unhindered by any one, Sigismund entered the palace, ascended the stairs, and limped along the wide passages. No one stopped him, no one asked what he wanted; all seemed to be completely occupied with something terrible and unusual, and he heard the name 'Tilly' resounding on all sides. He followed the crowd, who were rushing towards a large lofty hall. Here there were numerous people assembled, and there was such a noise that they could scarcely hear themselves speak.

Sigismund had once seen the ruler of the country, and thought that he remembered his features well. But among the numbers present

it was impossible for him to distinguish the face he wished so much to see. He could not penetrate to a little group in the middle of the hall where he supposed the Archbishop might be. He was too frightened to ask a question. He stood waiting for some time, till the pain in his knee became so great that he felt he must try to sit down somewhere. At length he ventured with trembling hands to open a side door and slip quietly into a room. He did it quite noiselessly, and closed the door again. He then saw that at the other end of the large, handsomely furnished apartment there was a lady, richly dressed, who was walking up and down in apparent agony, sometimes wringing her hands and raising upwards her weeping eyes, sometimes leaning against the window and looking out anxiously. This scene was not calculated to encourage the little petitioner, who was about to retire as unnoticed as he had come in, when the princely Archbishop himself came out of the next room into that in which his wife was weeping. He was apparently about forty years old, had not very attractive features, and looked visibly disturbed and anxious.

'Dear Kunigunde,' said he hastily, 'compose yourself, and strive with all your might against

the cowardice which can only injure us, by showing a bad example to those around us. Nothing is yet lost; the city is well fortified—garrisoned by 1800 Swedes; and, with the help of the warlike citizens, I hope to hold out the city till King Gustavus Adolphus, to whom I have already sent messengers, can come to relieve us.'

Making use of the short pause which followed this speech, Sigismund spoke with a hesitating, trembling voice. 'High and mighty most illustrious Lord Archbishop,' stammered he, suddenly stopping when he saw the Prince and Princess looking at him with the greatest astonishment. Making a violent effort to recover himself, he continued quickly: 'Noble ruler and father of the land, I came to entreat you to be so good as to give me a little box of salve for my bad knee.' He pointed as he spoke to his lame leg.

Some unchristian words escaped from the lips of the Christian Archbishop, as he angrily said, 'What is the beggarly vagrant doing here? How did the bold little knave get into this room?'

'I cannot understand it,' said the Princess, 'for I never saw him until this moment!'

Pale with terror, Sigismund raised his folded hands, so that his stick escaped from his grasp, and almost breathless he implored, 'Ah, noble lord, help me! give me some of the wonderful salve which once cured your own knee!'

Prince Christian William laughed bitterly, as he replied, 'I wish that at this moment I knew of a salve with which I could make the legs of General Tilly and his whole army as lame and crooked as your leg is. I am no quack, and cannot cure your knee; besides, I have other things to think of just now. Does the stupid fellow think,' said he, turning to the Princess, 'that I am like Saint Peter, and can cure the lame by merely saying, "Rise up, and walk?"' He then summoned a servant, whom he ordered to take the boy at once out of the palace. The servant took up the boy, and the stick that had slipped from his hands, carried him straight through the passages, and down the stairs of the palace to the street, where he put him down, gave him a slight blow on the back with his own stick, and then let him limp away.

Imagine the state of the poor boy when he returned to his teacher's house! With tears in his eyes, he related the result of his petition; and the teacher said in a soothing voice, 'My

dear son, be comforted. The Archbishop either would not or could not help you. It often happens so among men; but it is never so with God, who is always ready to help us. Our Saviour has told us to call Him "Our Father which art in heaven." "The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's." "The Lord's throne is in heaven;" and as "the heaven is high above the earth, so great is His mercy toward them that fear Him."[1] He can do as He will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. Therefore the words, "Our Father which art—*in heaven*," should remind us of the power and goodness of our heavenly Father, and fill us with trust and confidence when we pray to Him. But if His Grace the Archbishop had remembered that God is *our* Father, the Father of all men, he would not have wished that General Tilly and all his army should be lamed. This wish is against the universal love to which the word "*our*" pledges us in our prayer. Neither should he have refused your request if he had regarded you as a child of our heavenly Father.'

The teacher then dismissed his pupil, who returned home very sad.

[1] Ps. ciii. 11.

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT SORTIE.

'Hallowed be Thy name.'

FOR some months an unusual stillness had prevailed in the city of Magdeburg. No clock struck the hour to mark the course of time; no bells called the people to church; no child went to school. For the stern General Tilly had encamped with his cruel army round the city, and the citizens were suffering extremely in every way. By bombardment and cannon balls, by murder, fire, and pillage, he tried to convince the citizens of Magdeburg that Luther's doctrine was heretical and the Romish doctrine true. And whilst the believers in the Gospel were murdered by his soldiers, his army really believed that they were fighting for the cause of God and His Son. When the Walloons and Croatians stormed a camp, they rushed on calling on the name of Jesus, and so desecrated the

holy name of Him who never dealt violently with any men, but sought, on the contrary, to lead them to the truth by patience and persevering love.

The citizens of Magdeburg had almost all given up their usual peaceful occupations. With a few exceptions, most of them had exchanged the instruments of peace for warlike arms. The sturdy smith struck his hardest blows, not on the anvil, but on his fellow-men. Not on oaken casks, but upon living men, the cooper's vigorous hammer now came down. The shoemaker still cut up skins, but they were neither the skins of calves nor of oxen. The peace-loving tailor, whose business chiefly consists in sewing together, now changed his occupation into separating human limbs; and instead of the smoothing-iron and the yard-measure, he now used the pike and the sword. Day and night the citizens did duty on the walls, and could devote but a short time to rest.

One April morning, Sigismund's father, the cooper Kuhnert, came home at the early dawn from his duty at the outposts. In his right hand he carried a loaf of black bread, and in his left hand his weapon. He was joyfully welcomed by his wife and by a number of children,

the eldest of whom was lame Sigismund. They hastened to take his weapon and cap from him and put them away; but their father prevented them.

'My turn of service is not yet over,' said he. 'I only came home to bring you this loaf, which is all the pay I am to receive. Divide it among you, and keep a little bit for me. I do not care to eat till after my work is done—even if it should be bloody work to-night.'

The hint of such a danger caused general lamentation.

'Come!' said the father, 'I did not mean to frighten you. But in a besieged city no one is sure of his life, whether he is a soldier or not. When I am lying behind the wall, and hear the bombs whistling over me among the houses of the city, I am as anxious for your lives as you can be for mine. Were it not that I know that I have a Father in heaven, to whom I can trust every care, I would die with anxiety. But I commend you, my dear ones, to Him; and I must go out to my duty. Farewell! If I should never return, remember that I died for our true faith. Pray for me. And, Hannah, if the children are left alone with you, bring them up in piety and in the fear of God.'

'I know not,' replied his wife, 'why you are speaking so solemnly, as you have never done so before. I fear it is a presentiment of evil. What are you about to do?'

'I am appointed to a post of honour,' said her husband;' and where honour is to be won, there is generally sharp work. But do not be afraid. The Lord orders all things: you know we are told that the very hairs in our heads are all numbered.'

His wife and children clung round him weeping; and Sigismund said sadly, pointing to his lame leg, 'If I could only go with you, father! Then I would not be so anxious, even if the balls were falling round me like hail.'

'Yes, my boy,' said the father, smiling; 'I know you would help me if you could.' Then he went away. The mother divided the bread among her hungry children, keeping a little bit for her husband and herself, although at that moment she was too full of anxiety to be able to eat.

Kuhnert joined a band of experienced and well-known citizens, none of whom knew whither they were going and what they were to do. Kuhnert's master, the wine-merchant, and the quarter-master Ampach, and a brave

Swedish officer, led the little band to a small house on the walls of the city, which had been till that time inhabited by a half-blind gate-keeper. They were extremely surprised when the old man came forward with a whole basket-ful of dark-coloured hoods, which the quarter-master Ampach desired his followers to draw over their heads and faces.

'Although I do not believe that there is a traitor among you,' said he, 'yet I am sure you yourselves will approve of this precaution, so that no one can fall into temptation. As your lives are dear to you, let none of you lift the hood or take it from before your faces till I give you leave. I have a mark by which I can discover any disobedience to my commands.'

All the citizens present obeyed his orders, and covered their faces with the hoods as he desired them to do, and then followed singly, man after man, where the quarter-master led them, down a long staircase and through a large cellar. Although Kuhnert's eyes were covered with the thick hood, he knew the staircase and the cellar well. He was quite sure that it was the same cellar which his master the wine-merchant had hired before the siege, and he, as the head workman, had made use of

a hundred times. Yet the little path was strange to him to which they afterwards came, and through which they were obliged to creep one by one. Sometimes it seemed as if water were flowing over their heads. At last they knew by the refreshing breeze that met them that they had ascended to the open air. The quarter-master Ampach was before them, and had left orders that they should quietly wait for him. He came in a few minutes and told them to take off their hoods. They then saw what the mark was of which he had told them, because when their hands touched the hoods they were blackened.

They found that they were at a distance from the city, and very near to the outposts of the enemy. It was still dusk, and a rising fog concealed them from the enemy's outposts. Notwithstanding the dark mouths of the cannon opposing them, they marched on. As if forgetful of all prudence, the Swedish officer and his followers went into the hostile encampment. There quietly listening, they heard the loud voice of a Romish priest, who was encouraging his hearers to wage war against the heretic city. Surrounded by Popish soldiers, this '*field-priest*' thus continued his discourse:—

'Dear brethren in arms, we summon you to fight as Samuel did against the Amalekites. We must destroy this heretical city with all its inhabitants; we must kill the women and the children; we must not even spare the babes at their mothers' breasts. This is the will of our God and of His Son the Lord Jesus Christ, who says, "He who is not with us is against us."'

Scarcely had the priest spoken these words when the bloody work began. His speech was interrupted, the enemy were surprised and overpowered, and the speaker received the punishment he deserved.

Quarter-master Ampach had heard the speech of the priest, and soon closed the mouth of the blasphemer. 'You godless man,' said he, 'I will teach you what it is to blaspheme the name of God, and to proclaim your lies as truth.'

The cannons were soon spiked by the troops, and then a retreat was ordered. Whilst the citizens of Magdeburg hastened to leave the camp, quarter-master Ampach remarked that the monk who had been preaching had recovered consciousness after the blow he had received.

Ampach then called out angrily to the cooper,

who was standing near the wounded man, 'Kuhnert, strike the priest of Baal dead!'

'Oh no, my commander,' answered he in an entreating tone; 'he has been beaten enough already, and he is now defenceless.'

'But he has such a tongue,' returned Ampach, 'that it is worse than even spear or dagger. A blasphemer such as he is deserves death.'

'Sir,' answered Kuhnert,' it is our glory that the word of God is preached purely among us. Consider therefore that our lives ought to be pure and holy, and we should live as the children of God ought to do. The Lord says, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay."'[1]

Instead of answering, the angry quartermaster rushed upon the monk with his pike, but the cooper placed himself between them. Turning away the weapon from his enemy's breast, he said, 'You will one day thank me, master, that I have saved you from being guilty of murder.'

'You miserable wretch! do you dare to rebel against your officer?' said Ampach, in a louder tone than was prudent. 'Then die, traitor as you are!'

[1] Rom. xii. 19.

At that moment there was a general outcry, 'The enemy! the enemy!' and this put a quick end to the dispute, which might have become a very serious matter to all concerned. As it was, Master Ampach was compelled to calm down his anger, only to let it burst out the more furiously afterwards.

The citizens of Magdeburg now saw for the first time the entrance by which they had got out of the city. It was over a little stream, apparently deep, over which there was a small drawbridge, which was concealed in the wall and made fast by a strong plate of iron, which could only be moved by those who knew the secret. After all the party had passed over the bridge, and everything had been made fast again, quarter-master Ampach said, 'I do not need to ask you to put on the hoods again now that we are all safe back. I asked you to put them on only in case any of you might have been taken prisoners, and perhaps tortured to make you reveal the hidden way by which to enter the city.'

But before they came out of the vault, the same precaution was adopted: the hoods were put on, and every one was then told to wash his hands in a cask of water standing ready for the purpose.

As soon as they had come out to the streets of the city, Ampach resolved to punish the cooper who had opposed his will. By sparing the monk's life, he said, the opening might be discovered through which they had that evening passed. If the city were to be deprived of so important a means of defence as this private passage, it would certainly be the fault of the cooper Kuhnert. Besides, Ampach said, that Kuhnert had shown in his proceedings such a leaning to the enemy, that he feared treachery on his part, particularly as, notwithstanding the hood, he knew well the entrance to the underground way, as he had been so often employed in that vault.

When he laid these representations before the magistrates of the city, the cooper was sentenced to be imprisoned. If the advice of his angry master had been listened to, he would have been put to death.

CHAPTER III.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

'Thy kingdom come.'

MAY, the choicest month of the year, had come with its mild sunshine, its green corn-fields, its many-coloured meadows, its thousands of flowers and trees in blossom. The lark rose, singing, upwards into the blue sky; the swallows had returned, and were building their nests under the house windows. Fields, woods, and meadows, —air, earth, and water,—were swarming with numerous creatures that rejoiced in the good things their Creator had provided for them.

Over the city of Magdeburg the bright sun shone in the blue sky; the inhabitants were refreshed by the balmy air of spring, for 'God maketh His sun to rise everywhere on the evil and on the good.'[1] But evil men surrounded the city of Magdeburg, and its poor inhabitants

[1] Matt. v. 45.

could not rejoice like the many creatures of earth and air, although, as human beings, they had received many more blessings from their gracious Creator, which their fellow-creatures would not allow them to enjoy.

Pale as death and weary, the mournful citizens returned from their posts on the walls to their joyless homes, where their wives and children met them with hollow eyes and sunken cheeks. Wasted forms wandered through the streets, and waited at the bakers' shops for the small rations of the ever-decreasing store of bread, and shrinking back, full of anguish, from the cannon balls that fell around them, looking with compassionate eyes upon the wounded and dead who were carried past them.

Master Zumbe, the teacher of Sigismund, thought with the deepest sorrow of the misery of his native city. He himself suffered not a little in the long siege. He now stood alone in his large schoolroom. The school children had disappeared, and his little income had gone with them. He was compelled to use the small savings he had hoarded, and he fared as hardly as possible. Yet this was the least of his sorrows, for he would willingly have been able to help

the poor, and he mourned over the sufferings of his fellow-citizens.

One evening he lay down to rest with a heart full of sorrow. Then he had a wonderful dream. It appeared to him as if he were in a large, splendid, richly adorned hall. From the crystal lamps the light was reflected upon glittering mirrors and marble walls. Down the whole length of the hall there was a long table, on which the most delicious dishes of every kind were placed; there were golden and silver vases filled with many-coloured flowers; everything was ready for a splendid banquet, and a number of servants waited for the command of the royal host, who looked satisfied at the preparations for the feast.

'Call the guests,' said he, 'for all is ready!'

One of the servants hastened to obey his orders. But he soon returned, looking astonished and perplexed.

'My royal Master,' said he, sadly, 'those whom you have invited to your banquet will not come.'

'And why not?' asked the King.

'One,' replied the servant, 'has bread to bake; another is busy coining money; a third is adulterating beer and wine; a fourth is lending out

his money at exorbitant interest; a fifth has gone to borrow money which it is doubtful whether he will ever repay; a sixth has gone to steal; another is reaping where he never sowed; an eighth is begging without any need to do so; another is giving an unjust judgment; another is striving for a ribbon in his button-hole; another is making war, destroying cities and villages and murdering hundreds of thousands. They all say that they have no time to come to your banquet, and they pray you to excuse them.'

Then the King was angry, and said: 'The guests have been invited from many countries, but they are not worthy. Therefore, go out to all places, and bring the lame and blind and beggars, to whatever nation they belong. But I say to you, that none of those who were first invited shall taste of my banquet, for many are called, but few are chosen.'

The hall was soon filled with a number of people of all countries and complexions. They rejoiced at the sight of the delicious food.

Suddenly there was a rustle through the hall like the wings of a dove, and cloven tongues of fire seemed to hover over the heads of the guests. Then the King said, 'Could you not

move the hearts and change the minds of these rebellious men?'

And a soft voice answered: 'I have spoken to them through the Bible, by the thousand voices of nature, and by joy and sorrow. I have never been weary of knocking at the door of their hard hearts; but in vain! They believed not my words, and loved earthly things better than heavenly.'

After the banquet the guests separated and wandered at their will in the beautiful paradise round the King's palace. For a long distance there were fair villages, prosperous cities, charming gardens, and productive fields. But throughout all the country there were no prisons, soldiers, police, closed gates and doors, poorhouses, or courts of justice. Nowhere were there ragged beggars or evil-doers. No loud cries were to be heard, no curses, no quarrelling; there was nothing known of persecution and war. All gladly obeyed the gracious commands of their King.

'In what kingdom are we now?' asked Master Zumbe, full of joyful surprise.

'In the kingdom of Christ!' was the answer. 'To you also His message of mercy was sent; but many on earth forget that "the kingdom

of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Because the people of the world do not obey their good and gracious King, they are not so happy as we are.'

Here Master Zumbe awoke suddenly from his pleasant dream, aroused by the sound of the bombardment, which painfully convinced him that the laws of God's kingdom were not obeyed in that place.

It will be easily seen that various passages in the word of God, which Master Zumbe had been accustomed to read and explain, were mingled up in his dream. His first waking act was to offer up a fervent prayer to God that His kingdom might come, and His will be done on earth; that wars might cease and the promises and prophecies might be fulfilled:—

'But in the last days it shall come to pass, that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the top of the mountains, and it shall be exalted above the hills; and people shall flow unto it.

'And many nations shall come, and say, Come, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, and to the house of the God of Jacob; and He will teach us of His ways, and we will

walk in his paths: for the law shall go forth of Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

'And He shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off; and they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

'But they shall sit every man under his vine, and under his fig-tree; and none shall make them afraid: for the mouth of the Lord o Hosts hath spoken it.

'For all people will walk every one in the name of his god, and we will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever.'[1]

'Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to His house we'll go.

'The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

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[1] Micah iv. 1–5.

Among the nations He shall judge;
  His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
  And quell the sinner's pride.

'No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
  Disturb those peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
  To pruning-hooks their spears.
No longer hosts encount'ring hosts
  Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
  And study war no more.

'Come then, O house of Jacob! come
  To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
  With holy beauties shine.'

CHAPTER IV.

EFFORTS FOR PEACE.

'Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven.'

MASTER ZUMBE had been so deeply impressed by his dream, that he was inspired with a strong desire that, according to God's will, there should be peace on earth, and he resolved to labour for it with all his might. With this laudable design he went the next forenoon to the council chamber, where, under the presidency of the Archbishop, a solemn council was being held to consult about the condition and sufferings of the city. It was not without difficulty that he received permission to speak, but as he assured them that he had something most important to say, he was allowed to relate his wonderful dream. Then he spoke, with earnestness and warmth, as follows :—

'Noble and learned gentlemen, look around you, and see how God's good and gracious will

is done in all the kingdom of nature. Without our interference or our prayers, the stars keep their destined courses in the firmament; rain and fruitful seasons come from heaven; summer and winter, day and night, seedtime and harvest cease not. Before the mighty will of the Lord the ancient oak bends its leafy head in the storm, the foaming waves of the sea cannot pass the bounds assigned them, the winds keep their courses. Obedient to the will of their Creator, the birds of passage fly from their home nests to distant parts of the world; the smallest creatures obey the instincts God has given them,—the mole burrows in the ground, the frog sleeps under the ice-covering of the pond. From the great sun in heaven down to the smallest grain of dust—from leviathan down to the little mite—each creature is subject to the will of God. The angels in heaven fly to do God's will; man is the only rebel!

'It is the will of God that we should "lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Savour; who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth."[1] To hinder us from leading

[1] 1 Tim. ii. 2-4.

a peaceable life and from knowing the truth, Tilly, his mercenary soldiers and his priests, are all striving. They set themselves directly contrary to the will of God. To endeavour to convince them of this, to picture to them the happiness that we would enjoy on earth if we were to strive to fulfil the good and gracious will of God, to plead with them for peace, I should like, with your consent, to go to the enemy's camp. The Lord, who often makes use of the weakest instruments to save His people, may, I trust, give strength to my words, and energy and force to my imploring petitions, so that we may be rescued from our present straits.'

Master Zumbe here stopped to take breath. His eyes were flashing, and his face glowing with earnestness. He waited anxiously to hear whether his request would be granted.

Compassionately, but bitterly, the Bishop, Christian William, smiled as he replied: 'My friend! Your speech savours wholly of the schoolroom in which you pass your daily life. No; Tilly and his army have Moses and the prophets as well as we have. If they hear not Moses and the prophets, they will still less hear you. Therefore give up your design as useless

and foolish. Continue to teach children and not grown men who have more experience than you have.'

'My gracious master,' replied the teacher, 'permit me to say a few words frankly to you. If we wish that others should be better, we should begin by trying to improve ourselves. I trust your Grace will pardon me, if I venture to remind you of the command of the Saviour, "Bless those that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you!" But you, my lord, on the contrary, have expressed a wish that it were in your power to cause Tilly and his whole army to have lame legs. It is the command of the Saviour that we should follow the example of the good Samaritan. But you scornfully sent away the poor lame boy who went to implore your help. You quarter-master Ampach know well that we are commanded to forgive our brother, even if he have offended us, not only seven times, but seventy times seven. But you have caused your cooper Kuhnert, the father of a numerous family, to be cast into prison; nay, you even threatened his life. Is this to do the will of the Highest? You head-masters, butchers, bakers, and wine-sellers, you have certainly heard that we should give bread to the

hungry, clothe the naked, and receive the poor into our houses. But you have taken advantage of this time of calamity to enrich yourselves at the expense of your Christian fellow-citizens. Thus you desecrate the name of our God and hinder the progress of His kingdom amongst us. Do you think'——

'Put the crack-brained babbler out of the hall,' said the angry voice of the ruler, with whom all the others agreed.

In a moment the preacher of the truth was seized by many vigorous hands, and soon found himself standing alone in the street. Yet the brave man did not lose courage; he went composedly to the gate of the city.

'Will you open the small gate for me?' said he to one of the citizens on guard.

'Why, whither do you wish to go?' asked he.

'Into the enemy's camp to speak to General Tilly,' replied Master Zumbe.

'How?' asked the citizen, astonished; 'is our Governor inclined to negotiate? and if so, how has he chosen you instead of an experienced officer? Show us your commission to act as plenipotentiary.'

'I carry my commission in my heart,' replied

Master Zumbe; 'I wish to persuade Tilly to make peace.'

'Master Zumbe,' said one of the citizens, 'if I did not know well that you are a pious man and an honest citizen, I would think from your speech and conduct that you are a traitor going to reveal the weakness of our city to the enemy. Take my advice and go home. On no account can you be permitted to go into the enemy's camp.'

Master Zumbe then made a last desperate attempt to carry out his humane intentions. He caught at a weapon, and mingled with a number of the guards who were going to relieve the defenders of the outer wall. When the enemy came forward to storm the wall, he threw down his weapon, ascended the ramparts, and called out as loudly as he could to the attacking party: 'Dear brothers! have we not all *one* Father? has not *one* God created us all? Therefore let us put back our swords in their sheaths, and be friends.'

A rude burst of laughter was the only answer which Master Zumbe received from the enemy. One of the citizens seized him by the coat, pulled him back from the rampart, and said to him: 'Comrade! we are here to fight and not

to talk. Why wantonly expose yourself to the balls of the enemy?'

Scarcely were these words spoken when they proved true, for a shower of balls followed. The attack was for that time successfully repulsed, but Master Zumbe had no share in the merit of it, for he neither could nor would load and fire a musket. His heart was pierced with sorrow while he saw the murderous work going on; and he was truly thankful when he could disentangle himself from the crowd, and return to his quiet dwelling. 'O Lord, do Thou destroy the counsels of the wicked, and change their hearts,' sighed he, as he walked home; 'I can do nothing!'

CHAPTER V.

THE VALUE OF BREAD.

'Give us this day our daily bread.'

MASTER ZUMBE had returned to his little room, and was walking up and down deep in thought. His breast heaved with sighs when the noise of the fighting reached his ears.

Suddenly there was a low knock at the door of the room.

'Come in,' said Master Zumbe kindly, and Sigismund Kuhnert entered the room, accompanied by his little sister, seven years of age.

Both the children remained standing timidly at the door, and did not venture to speak first.

'What do you want, my son?' said Master Zumbe kindly to the boy, who was wasted to a skeleton and deadly pale, and his little sister was no better. Silently the boy produced a small parcel; and when he unfolded an old torn piece of cloth, there appeared a book

bound in dark leather with silver corners and clasps.

'My mother sends you her compliments,' said the boy, with pale and quivering lips, 'and she implores you to be so charitable as to buy this Bible from us. The rich goldsmith at the corner of the street offered us three florins for it as its value, and she wishes to give it to you for the same price, because she hopes that if we are able some day to buy it back you will let us do so.'

Master Zumbe replied, taking the book in his hand: 'Do you wish to sell the blessed word of God? I believe your necessity is great; but have you nothing that you can more easily spare?'

Sigismund shook his head sadly. 'All we have is gone,' said he in a low tone, trying to restrain his sobs; 'we are sleeping on the bare boards.' These few words deeply touched the heart of the kind and pious schoolmaster. 'Then has the rich quarter-master Ampach not taken pity on you?' asked he.

'He will have nothing to do with us,' replied Sigismund; 'and is letting our poor father starve in the prison.'

Master Zumbe made no answer, but took the book, and got the three florins required, which

he gave to the boy, wrapped in paper. Then he said: 'Here, my son, tell your mother that I have divided with her all the money I have. I will keep the book for you, that you may not be compelled by necessity to part with it again.'

Then he opened a press, took out a rather large loaf, divided it into two equal parts, and gave one half to the boy, saying: 'Here, child! one half is enough for me for to-day, and to-morrow our heavenly Father will provide for us.'

Sigismund's dim eyes suddenly brightened with joy, hot tears of gratitude rolled down his cheeks, and with fingers quivering with pleasure he took the precious gift; but his little sister whispered, eagerly stretching out her thin hands: 'Bread! oh bread! do pray give me a bit of bread!'

Enjoying the sight of the relief he had given, Master Zumbe said: 'Is it not true, children, that bread is a most precious gift of God? How little we feel this in the time of plenty! and so we forget the duty of giving thanks for it to the gracious Giver. God bless you, my children; may He provide for you and your parents in this terrible time.'

The children went away; but not before Sigismund had warmly kissed the kind hand

which had given him both money and bread. Within the four empty walls of their little room, Mrs. Kuhnert and her family were more thankful for their half-loaf, than during their whole lives many are who have stores laid up in chests, barns, and cellars. And the poor woman from her heart thanked her heavenly Father for thus sending her daily bread, though everything else was wanting.

About half-an-hour after Mrs. Kuhnert had received the three florins, Sigismund stood, with a whole loaf in his hands, before the State prison and whistled. From a little window in the second story a cord was let down, to which Sigismund fastened the loaf, and then made a signal to his hungry father to draw it up. The poor man was deeply thankful to drag in the precious gift between the bars of his prison window.

CHAPTER VI.

PLEADING FOR PARDON.

'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.'

ONE day when quarter-master Ampach returned home after service on the ramparts, he said to his wife: 'If the king of Sweden, in whom we have placed our trust, does not come to our relief, I cannot tell what is to be done. The army of Tilly are throwing up their works nearer and nearer to the city, and our men are beginning to lose heart. Besides, our poorer people are suffering severely from want, and if it is necessary, I suppose we should be obliged to give up our private stores. Till now we have suffered but little from the siege. Neighbour Kiesler has sold his mouldy meal, and we our sour wine, at a very high price. But if at last the enemy enters the city, they will take by force the stores which the citizens themselves have not ventured to attack, even when so sorely

pressed by hunger. Therefore let us be wise in time, and provide for the worst.'

According to this resolution, Ampach collected his hoarded money from boxes, chests, and bags, and with the help of his wife carried it to the cellar. There stood numerous untouched barrels of meal, casks of biscuit, rows of large loaves, and from the roof were hanging sides of bacon, hams, and sausages; there were, besides, many casks of the best wine. Ampach contemplated his large store with a satisfied look. 'The cellar is fire-proof and bomb-proof, and so far from the enemy's lines that we have nothing to fear from them at present.'

He filled more than one small cask with his glittering mammon, and buried them deep in the earth, in the farthest corner of the spacious vault. When, exhausted by the unusual work, he left the cellar and returned to the house, he found himself suddenly surrounded by the family of his former cooper, Kuhnert, whose poor wife, with her children, clung to his knees, and prevented him from moving.

'Forgiveness for our father!' they all entreated, weeping; but Master Ampach angrily shook his head. 'How many times,' said he, 'have I told you already that I will do nothing

for you; that you should not come to torment me with your complaints? I will have nothing to do with your father or with you.'

'Let me be your humblest servant,' said Mrs. Kuhnert. 'I will work for you to the utmost of my power, only forgive my most unhappy husband, who never intended to offend you.'

'I will clean your shoes every day, brush your clothes, polish your armour and weapons, without asking for payment,' said Sigismund, with tears.

'We will all pray to God for you!' said the younger children, as they lifted their folded hands to implore him.

'Only forgive our father and set him free!' was echoed by them all in chorus.

To give their words greater effect they knelt before the stern man. But he remained inexorable and unmoved. Pushing the children out of his way, he said to Mrs. Kuhnert: 'If your husband had destroyed the best cask in the cellar, and let the wine all run out on the sand, I would have forgiven him. But he did far worse: he dared publicly to oppose me, to play the master over me before other people, and I will never forgive him. He is an ungrateful man! a traitor!'

'Quarter-master!' replied Mrs. Kuhnert gently, 'we are all sinners; we have all failed in our duty to God, disobeyed His commands, and have not given Him the glory which is His due. Therefore we all deserve punishment, we all need the forgiveness of our sins. Think that at this present time you are every day threatened with death—at any hour you may be called to stand before God's judgment-seat. Will you not then forgive, that you may be forgiven?'

'Bah!' said Ampach, scornfully, 'that is my affair; besides this, I am not going to the wall again for twenty-four hours, so it seems to me that death may be as near to you as to me.'

The last cruel remark referred to the sickly look of the pale woman and the starved children; while the arrogant citizen rejoiced in his full health and his stores of food.

Unable to answer him, the unfortunate woman with her weeping family left the house, at the door of which the quarter-master remained standing, looking scornfully at the poor people he had driven away helpless.

The despairing family had not gone to a great distance, when a sudden report and flash made them fall to the ground in terror. A hail of pieces of iron fell, rattling against the

house they had left, and was followed by a scream of anguish. In terrible anxiety Mrs. Kuhnert looked round to see if her loved ones were all safe.

Not one was wanting, and the children recovered from their terror quicker than their mother did. But, at a little distance, Mrs. Ampach lay fainting on the dead body of her husband, to whom death had been nearer than he had believed. Leaving all his treasures, he had gone, like the poorest, into the presence of his Judge.

There was not the smallest ill-feeling or hatred in Mrs. Kuhnert's kindly heart, and when she saw the body of Mr. Ampach, uncertain whether he was dead or dying, she uttered the prayer: 'Lord, enter not with him into judgment, but let him receive Thy mercy. Amen!'

CHAPTER VII.

THE TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

'Lead us not into temptation.'

MRS. KUHNERT'S hope, that after Ampach's death her husband might be set free, was not fulfilled. The poor prisoner sat alone within the four bare walls of his dungeon, supported only by the small portions of food with which his almost starving family managed to supply him. One day the governor of the jail came into his cell with unusual kindness both in his looks and in his manner.

'I pity you much, poor Kuhnert,' said he, 'that you are still kept here a hungry prisoner. I have always known you as an honest man, and have heard you spoken of as such; and now all at once you are called a traitor, and everything else that is bad. I do not believe that you have the power, even had you the will, to betray the city. How should you be able to lead the

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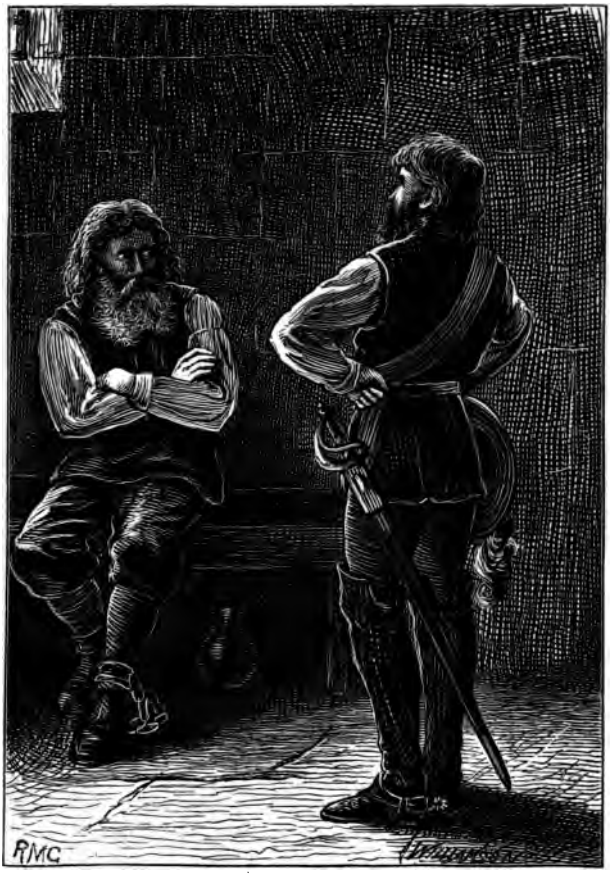

THE BESIEGED CITY.

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enemy into the city through a subterranean passage, when you only went through it once, and then with your face covered? Am I not right?'

The governor regarded his prisoner with a crafty and inquiring look.

The prisoner answered in no friendly tones: 'Spare your breath; this trap is too apparent to catch the greatest simpleton.'

The governor, looking grave, then said, 'You are right! If I wish you to open your heart to me, I must be frank with you. Confidence inspires confidence in return. Listen, then! We all see that resistance to the powerful Tilly is quite in vain. He will take the city, and then woe to us, our wives, and our children! It were better, then, that we should let him in quietly. But the chief men of the city are opposed to this: the Archbishop, the nobles, and the rich will not hear of it because they are not yet suffering from the siege, and they have most to lose by a change of government. Yet, if we could live in peace, it would be a small matter to us what the ruler is called who is set over us, whether archbishop or general. If it is to be for the good of our fair city and its inhabitants, it would be better for us to let the enemy

take possession of it in a peaceful manner. Think what might become of us if they took it in any other way! You, friend Kuhnert, should help us in our design.'

'I?' asked Kuhnert, snappishly.

'Yes, you,' replied the governor. 'You would not have been imprisoned here if you did not know the subterranean entrance to the city. I will set you free to-night, and give you, besides, a hundred gold florins, if you will go with us through the secret passage to the camp of the enemy, to treat with Tilly for mild terms of capitulation for the city, and then to show him the subterranean entrance.'

'And what guarantee can you give,' said Kuhnert, 'that your offer is not a snare laid for me?'

'Do you see this well-filled purse? It contains thirty gold florins as an instalment of the price you will receive. When I come this evening to set you free, I will give you a dagger, which you may plunge in my heart if you find me guilty of any falsehood.'

'And what will become of my wife and my children if I go over to the enemy?' asked Kuhnert, sharply.

'Believe me,' said the governor, confidentially,

'the Imperialists have a greater number of adherents in our city than people think, and they will pledge themselves to you that no harm shall happen to your family, even in case of the worst. As the house of Rahab was spared when Jericho was taken, so shall also your dwelling receive a mark that will insure protection for you and yours.'

Kuhnert was silent, and kept his eyes fixed on the floor.

'Now, then, will you consent?' asked the tempter.

'No!' replied Kuhnert, firmly.

'How? Are you out of your senses? I swear to you by all that is holy that my proposal is an upright one.'

'A traitor asks me to trust him on his oath!' said Kuhnert, with a scornful laugh. 'You either mean to betray me, or to betray the city. Get thee away from me, Satan!'

The governor bit his lips. 'Do you wish to starve slowly to death here?' asked he, coldly, 'and to leave your wife and children to pine in misery? Have the rulers of Magdeburg deserved by their treatment of you, that you should concern yourself about them? Do they not compel you to care for your own freedom and preserva-

tion, since they have neglected to do so? Do you feel no love for your own family, or for the famishing inhabitants of this besieged city, to whom you might bring a welcome rescue?'

'Oh,' replied Kuhnert, 'I have here learned well how terrible are the pangs of hunger! Witness these fleshless arms which I have many times gnawed in the rage of hunger like a tiger, even sucking my own blood. And my poor wife and my dear children! Ah! how long it is since my eyes have seen them! My poor lame son, Sigismund! who daily comes bringing me a little portion of bread, how I long to be with you! How I long to see Mary, Joseph, and Elspeth! I think of you when the long night comes with its leaden wings into my dungeon, and when the dawn of day gleams faintly through the grated window.' Poor Kuhnert wept bitterly.

'Well,' said the governor in quiet tones of triumph, 'you may change all that at once, if you will but consent to my proposal.'

Kuhnert pressed his folded hands upon his throbbing breast. A severe struggle began in his mind. He cast one glance upon the wily tempter, another upon the blackened roof, as if he were looking up for help.

'Decide!' urged the governor.

'No,' said Kuhnert, after a quiet pause. 'Treachery never prospers in the end. My honourable name shall never be disgraced by me. I would rather die than be a Judas!'

'You are a blockhead!' said the governor, angrily.

'Away from me, tempter!' cried the incensed Kuhnert, raising his clenched fist. 'I see through your evil and treachery. Depart, Satan!'

The terrified governor fled from his prisoner in haste; and when the wearied Kuhnert was left alone, he said, 'More tempting than the glitter of his miserable gold,—better than a plate of meat to me, starving as I am,—was his offer of protection for my dear wife and children. I was almost tempted to give way; therefore I thank Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast not suffered me to be tempted above that I was able, but hast graciously strengthened me to resist the temptation.'[1]

[1] 1 Cor. x. 13.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SIEGE.

'Deliver us from evil.'

IN the morning of the tenth of May, the Kuhnert family had as usual assembled round the old table which was the only thing remaining of all the furniture of the house. They had gratefully offered their morning praise to the Giver of all good gifts, although the much-longed-for gift—precious bread—was neither on the table or anywhere in the room. Large tears were rolling down the pale cheeks of the children, even while their lips were singing the praises of the Most High.

Trying to hide her own anxiety, Mrs. Kuhnert said cheerfully to the children: 'My children, God has never forsaken us, nor failed to help us. He will provide for us this day also.'

There was a knock at the door. The poor

mother and children almost fancied that it must be a messenger from their Father in heaven, come to feed and comfort them. With this hope, Mrs. Kuhnert went to open the door. The pale face of a child looked in. It was the chorister boy Lippert, who has been before mentioned as having helped Sigismund on his way to school.

'Come, Sigismund!' said he hastily, 'the choristers are to sing again! Tilly has sent in an officer to say he will negotiate for peace. There is joy throughout the whole city! The citizens are already coming home from the walls, and peace will certainly be concluded. Our neighbour Kramer thinks that Tilly will not offer us harder conditions than the Saxon Elector Maurice formerly did. To-day you may be sure that every one is so joyful that they will give us double what they usually do; therefore come quickly.'

Thus it was indeed a messenger of peace bringing glad news that had knocked at their door!

With his hymn-book under his arm, Sigismund set off with his companion, followed by the prayers and good wishes of his family. The choir that morning consisted only of eight

children; but their hearts were so full of joy that they sang as loudly as if they had been three times the number. Lippert's expectations were not deceived. The joyful news of peace was the best key to open the hearts and stores of all the inhabitants who were still prosperous. The pockets of the chorister boys were filled to overflowing with provisions of all kinds, the very possession of which seemed almost enough to satisfy their hunger. Sigismund thought of his desolate home, imagined the cry of joy with which these rich gifts would be welcomed, and earnestly wished that the singing were over, so that he might go home to enjoy the children's delight.

How quickly all their past sufferings were forgotten in the hope of the return of golden peace! The women stood talking before the doors of the houses, and uttered many a cheerful word to the armed citizens as they returned from the walls; and they received many a pleasant reply. The once deserted streets were again filled with an eager crowd; the shops were opened, and several articles displayed which had not been seen for a long time.

Then, all of a sudden, the alarm bells of the churches of St. Ulrich and Levin began to ring.

Immediately these were followed by the bells of the cathedral, then by those of the church of St. John. More and more alarm bells were quickly in motion, so that at last the whole city was filled with the sound.

'They are ringing to proclaim peace!' cried many joyful voices.

'They are the alarm bells to announce the storming of the city!' answered others in deadly terror.

'A fortress strong is God our Lord,' sang the choristers.

'The enemy is ascending the walls!' cried some fugitives rushing past.

'A sure defence and'—— continued the band of children.

'To arms!' interrupted an undaunted blacksmith, hastening to prepare for the fight.

A shower of shot and shell now explained too clearly the meaning of the general alarm. In the distance there was a noise and tumult, which increased more and more, and at last became the wild roar of battle. Nearer and nearer it approached, preceded by the agonizing cries of flying women and defenceless inhabitants. The poor chorister boys stood petrified with terror. Then from a side street

issued a troop of foreign soldiers with furious faces, and rushed upon the poor children, whom neither their youth, nor their outstretched arms imploring mercy, saved from the weapons of the barbarians. These innocent choristers were victims to the bloody rage of the Romanists. Struck by a deadly blow, poor Lippert in his fall had pulled Sigismund down with him. The shock had been so sudden that the head of the unhappy boy struck with great force against Sigismund's lame knee, and caused him to utter a loud cry of pain. He fancied in his terror that a ball had completely shattered his leg.

Like young springing corn broken and bent by a heavy hail-shower, the little band of choristers lay together in a heap. Only Lippert, wounded as he was, and Sigismund still breathed. When the latter awoke from his deathlike swoon, he found his dying friend lying across his lame leg. The involuntary movement which he made aroused Lippert; he looked around for his friend. 'Sigismund,' entreated he, with a clear voice, 'be so kind as to give me a piece of bread out of my pocket; I am so very hungry!'

Sigismund, with a trembling hand, gave him

what he asked. As poor Lippert put the morsel of food to his mouth, he said: 'My head is so heavy—help me up!'

A terrible request in the circumstances! What a change from the joy in the morning! Poor Sigismund tried to raise his friend as well as he could. Lippert then became aware of the stream of blood that was flowing from his wounds over his friend's clothes. Horror-struck, he said: 'Ah, Sigismund! tell your mother—that I—could not help—that your clothes—are so covered with blood.'

Perhaps he was now exhausted by the loss of blood, or choked by the old, hard bread that he tried to swallow: he stopped suddenly, moved convulsively for a moment or two, and then all was over. Sigismund gently laid his corpse beside his dead companions, and then turned to look around him.

The bloodthirsty men had gone on farther. Heaps of corpses marked their way. He still saw in the distance a Croat, who carried a writhing child on the end of his pike. This terrible sight roused Sigismund to fresh exertion. Might not that child be his own Elspeth? and what had become of the others? It was wonderful! he found himself better able to

walk. Had the blow on his knee forced the joint into its socket, or did the terror of death cause him to feel the pain less? However it was, he was able to move quicker than he had done for months, and he hastened home.

On his way he heard the fearfully increasing tumult of battle,—the struggle between the citizens and the soldiers,—the valiant resistance of men fighting for their homes; but, anxious to reach his own, his eyes scarcely fell upon the dreadful mounds of slain under his feet. When he reached the neighbourhood of the cathedral, he saw that on all sides weeping mothers and terrified children were taking refuge within the open gates of the house of God.

'Oh mother! mother! come as quickly as you can!' cried Sigismund, rushing into the room where his mother lay half-fainting. 'Save yourself, or you are lost!'

Without waiting for further explanation, he caught up his two younger sisters, and, followed by his mother with her eldest daughter, ran as fast as he was able to the cathedral. But a few minutes later and this asylum would have been closed. The sacristan with the large church keys stood ready to close the door, but his trembling hands could scarcely put the key in the lock, as

he was quaking with terror, for already cries of murder were heard near the cathedral. The men standing behind the doors pressed against them, and held them closed with their bodies, till they were securely fastened. The whole church was filled with mourning and weeping people. They consisted in great part of children, women, and old men ; there were a few clergymen, with the pious pastor Backius at their head, to be seen here and there among the terrified multitude. The alarm bells had ceased, for the ringers had fled.

As the sound of the fighting came nearer and nearer, the anguish of terror fell upon the people, and silenced every sound in the church. Every one was listening to what was passing without, the horrors of which increased every moment. Volley succeeded volley, till the church windows rattled. A few musket-balls passed through the glass, and thundered against the thick oaken doors of the church. They clearly heard the raging of the assailants,—the death-cry of the dying,—the groaning and lamentations of the wounded. The tumult became more fearful, and the fighting reached even the steps of the church. A mere wooden door protected the trembling people within from

the murderous bands that were killing all that stood in their way.

'For the sake of our crucified Saviour,' implored a gentle female voice outside the door, 'let me in!'

'Open! open! let us in!' entreated weeping children, with heart-rending cries. Alas! for the sake of their own lives, those within could not and durst not yield to these despairing entreaties. They were forced to be deaf to these repeated supplications, and had to leave the unhappy ones without to their fate. A shrill cry of murder rent the air, then loud groaning was heard for some time, and the sufferings of the poor creatures were over.

In an hour the fate of Magdeburg was decided; the city was in the enemy's power—no more resistance possible. The little valiant band of citizens who had courageously fought in the streets had ceased to exist. They who had fallen with arms in their hands suffered the least. The remainder were subjected to long torture before they were released by death.

Tilly ordered cannon to be planted so as to sweep the principal streets, and so force the remaining citizens into their dwellings, there to await their fate. With the consent of their

general, the troops were left masters of the lives and fortunes of the citizens. The fierce Walloons of Rappenheim's army, and the blood-thirsty Croats, were let loose upon the unhappy city.

A scene of slaughter now began which the historian cannot find language to describe, the painter would in vain attempt to depict. Neither innocent childhood, nor helpless age, nor youth, nor sex, nor rank, nor beauty, could disarm the rage of the conquerors. Women were killed in the arms of their husbands, and daughters at their fathers' feet. No hidden corner, no holy place, was secure from the searching avarice of the soldiers. Fifty-three women were found dead in a church. The Croats amused themselves with throwing children into the fire. Rappenheim's Walloons killed nurslings on the breasts of their mothers. Some of the officers of the League, indignant at these cruelties, ventured to remind Count Tilly that he ought to put a stop to the atrocities that were going on. 'Come back in an hour,' was his answer. 'I will then see what I can do; the soldier must have something for his danger and fatigue.'

These outrages went on without intermission

until the city was wrapped in flames. At first, in order to increase the confusion and weaken the resistance of the citizens, the soldiers had set fire to it in several places;—a stormy wind rose which spread the flames with great rapidity over the whole city, and many of those who were not murdered by the soldiers perished in the flames. About four hundred of the rich citizens were saved by the officers from death, that they might receive a ransom from them. In less than twelve hours the prosperous, strong, great city, one of the most beautiful in Germany, lay in ashes, with the exception of two churches and a few houses.

Who are these timid doves who are flying from the hawks that are pursuing them? They are a hundred of the noblest maidens of Magdeburg who are rushing wildly to the bridge over the Elbe; their beautiful features are changed by terror, their cheeks are pale, their eyes troubled, their long hair floating in the wind, their dresses fluttering, their feet seem to have wings, they are panting with the haste with which they are running, and their breasts are throbbing with fear. Having reached the middle of the bridge, they cast a timid glance on the furious bands running after them. Then

they clasped each other's hands with sisterly love; and with united voices uttering aloud the prayer, 'Oh, Lord Jesus, have mercy upon us!' with one accord they sprang over the bridge, beyond the reach of their merciless enemies. The Elbe received their lovely forms in its cold waters, and carried them down to their graves in the depths of the sea. The fiends who had been pursuing them looked on uttering cries of rage at being thus baffled, and then they turned back to the city to commit fresh atrocities there.

A troop of soldiers were dragging a man through the streets who was bleeding and in fetters. They were treating him cruelly; wounded as he was, he had to endure scorn and mockery, knocks and blows. This was the former Administrator of Magdeburg, the Prince Archbishop Christian William, who that day lost lands, wealth, and freedom.

At last night came over the unhappy city. No evening bells were now rung to tell the time of rest, where there could be none. The old grey massy walls of the venerable cathedral disappeared in the darkness. No light shone on the poor people shut up there in their despair. They felt only the more keenly their unspeakable misery. How many were there among

them who had to lament more than one beloved member of their family either killed or missing! Sighs and groans were echoed through the darkness, from the high dome of the cathedral; tears of the deepest grief moistened its cold stones, and heart-rending sobs were heard all around. No sleep refreshed the eyes of the weary people. At every sound without they feared the enemy was about to burst into the cathedral; and again and again they suffered the terrors of approaching death.

Mrs. Kuhnert had seated herself beside one of the large pillars. Her two youngest children rested on her lap; the two elder were placed one on each side of her, nestling close to her, as chickens under the wings of their mother. They were all silent; but their thoughts were busy. They were thinking most of their imprisoned father. In the darkness the nearest neighbours could not recognise each other,—nothing could be seen; but by the hum of many voices, and the sobs of the mourners, it was evident that there was a numerous crowd assembled in the building.

Suddenly a dazzling light shone through one of the high church windows, others followed in quick succession, and in an hour the whole

cathedral was lighted up, and the poor prisoners inside it could not doubt the cause of the illumination. The night became as clear as day, and it was easy to distinguish the numerous groups which filled every part of the large cathedral. The crowd was divided by the long shadows of the gigantic pillars. From time to time a cloud of smoke produced a momentary darkness in the building, but soon again it was illuminated by the flames without. They heard the roofs of the houses fall in with a crash; they heard the stone walls come rolling down like thunder; they even heard the crackling and hissing of the flames, so that they almost fancied that they felt their fiery glow even in the cold church.

The Kuhnert children had been long silent from terror, but at length they ventured to speak.

'It is well now,' said Maria, a little girl of seven years old, 'that we were obliged to sell all our things. They would all have been burned.'

'I am sorry about my pots with the young peas and mustard and cress which were in the window of our room,' said Joseph; 'I was hoping that I might give you some to eat if the siege had lasted.'

'Is our house burning too?' asked little Elspeth, bursting into tears. 'Then my poor dolly Christel will be burned! She was lying in the corner near the window. I had covered her up that she might not take cold.'

'Nonsense!' said Joseph; 'what does it matter about your old wooden baby? As if there were not living babies being burned.'

'I am very thirsty!' complained Elspeth.

'And I am very, very hungry!' said Joseph.

'Do you not know,' said Maria in a reproving tone, 'that you never get anything to eat or drink in the night-time? My mother never allowed you to have that.'

'But now we are not in bed, and cannot go to sleep,' said Elspeth.

'It is all the same thing,' said Maria; 'night is night.'

'I wish I knew what my father is doing,' said Sigismund: 'whether he is miserable about us, whether he has anything to eat, and whether he can see the fire from the prison window. I should like to know, too, whether good Master Zumbe is with us in the church or not.'

'My mother will never get her beautiful Bible now,' said Maria. 'It will either be burned, or

the godless enemies will steal it because it is ornamented with silver.'

'It is well for our father,' said Sigismund, 'that he is now in prison. The enemy will do nothing to him there, and within its thick walls he is as safe from the fire as we are.'

'How foolishly you talk!' said his mother hastily. 'No one now is sure of his life; but least of all your poor father, who is shut up within iron gratings and fast closed doors. He may be either suffocated or burned.'

On hearing this the children burst into fresh floods of tears. Elspeth forgot her thirst, and Joseph his hunger. In order to compose them, and lighten her own heart, the mother said a prayer in a low voice. The children's voices joined with earnest devotion as she concluded with the Lord's Prayer; then she pressed them closely to her fond heart, and leaning upon her, soft slumber closed the eyes of the two younger ones, and caused them for a time to forget their sufferings.

CHAPTER IX.

SIGISMUND'S SEARCH FOR HIS FATHER.

'Deliver us from evil.'

A NEW day dawned, but brought no relief to the poor people shut up in the cathedral. They would have liked to feel something of the warm glow of the flames without; for the soft beams of the May sun could not warm the thick stone walls of the cathedral, and all within it were shivering with cold. Most of them felt as if their bodies and limbs had been bruised; they had had to lie upon the hard stones of the pavement, or sit upon wooden benches; there were no beds, pillows, or any of the usual comforts of domestic life. They had fled in such haste that they had no time to take anything with them. The young were the loudest in their complaints. The hungry children cried for food and drink. Yet how was it to be procured for them there? Fortunately Mrs. Kuhnert had saved in her

pocket a roll and a piece of bread, which she now divided among the weeping children, but it was quite too little to satisfy them. What a sore thing it is for a mother's heart to hear her darlings crying for hunger, and have nothing to give them!

Elspeth and Joseph entreated for food, and even Maria, who had been so brave the night before, joined them in their complaints. Then Sigismund remembered the well-filled pockets of his overcoat. Its contents soon made the Kuhnert family the richest of all the groups assembled near them. The gifts of God have seldom been enjoyed with deeper gratitude than they were now by this poor family. If a crumb fell to the ground, it was carefully picked up and eaten. Their prudent mother would not allow them to eat up the whole store at once. But her heart was melted by the longing looks of a woman standing near, who seemed silently pleading for the child in her arms crying with hunger. Mrs. Kuhnert deprived herself of part of her share of the food, and willingly gave it to the grateful mother, who thus saw the life of her darling saved, at least for a time.

Twenty-four hours had passed away since the people had been shut up without food. Many

of the youngest children were dying in their mothers' arms. The looks and tones of anguish to be seen and heard through all the crowd were heart-rending. Then some of the pastors appeared among them, bearing a well-filled cup, with which they refreshed the lips of the little ones, and strengthened those that were ready to die. Pastor Backius and his brethren, with some of the servants of the cathedral, had descended into the cellar, where a small cask of wine was kept, intended for the Holy Communion. But in the present necessity they thought it right to use it to save the lives of the people. The ministers, with their homely black dresses, seemed in the eyes of the anxious mothers as if they had been angels from heaven, sent by God to save their lives.

A messenger had been sent to the tower of the cathedral, to see what was going on in the city, and he came back with no pleasant account.

The whole of Magdeburg—as far as he could see—was lying in ruins and heaps of smoking ashes; while the greedy bands of soldiers, who had been forced away the day before by the fire, had returned to prowl about, and dig up anything that the citizens might have hidden in their cellars.

Wherever he looked he saw only corpses, blood, fire, smoke, and ruins.

Slowly the second day of terror passed with the famishing crowd in the church. Long before evening the cries of hunger and thirst were redoubled. The little cask of wine was now empty. Perishing with thirst, all were longing for a drop of water, and at no little distance in the fountain before the cathedral there was a full supply. It was like the tortures of Tantalus to know that water was so near, and to be unable to get it. Their thirst became intolerable!

After long delay and much consultation, a small side gate of the cathedral was cautiously opened, and Sigismund slipped out in the darkness, with the empty wine cask in his hand. His mother had not been able to withhold her consent to his going on this dangerous enterprise, as she was urged both by Sigismund's entreaties, and by the sight of the sufferings of all around her. Sigismund was chosen because they hoped, not without cause, that the small deformed boy might pass unremarked or unnoticed by the enemy, and that he thus might be able to fill the cask at the fountain and return safely to the cathedral.

Sigismund came out of the impure atmosphere of the crowded cathedral into the soft, warm air of May; and he felt refreshed by it, notwithstanding the smell of burning and of the numerous corpses. He hastened with swift steps to the fountain, and gladly moistened his dry lips with the cool water. How he rejoiced to drink it once more! What a precious gift of God is water! how few know the value of it! None know how highly to prize it but those who have felt the want of it! Had even a Walloon appeared at the moment, Sigismund would not have left the fountain; drinking long draughts of water, he noticed nothing else. With renewed strength he filled the little cask, and carried it back to the side gate of the cathedral. Up to that moment there had been no hindrance in his way; but just as he had made the concerted signal, when the door was half opened, and one of those within had taken the cask from his hand, swift steps were heard behind him, and the clash of weapons showed that danger was at hand. Who could blame the keepers of the gate, if, in their anguish and terror through a moment's delay to endanger the lives of thousands, they closed the gate in haste, leaving the unhappy Sigismund without?

He had scarcely time to conceal himself behind a stone pillar, when the noisy band of soldiers rushed past without observing him. He imagined that this occurrence was a sign from Providence to point out his duty; and, now familiar with danger, he resolved to go and search for his beloved father. This was no easy undertaking, although Sigismund, from singing in the streets with the choristers, was well acquainted with every part of the city.

Heaps of rubbish, charred beams, and walls fallen in had blocked up the streets, so that Sigismund scarcely recognised them. After overcoming innumerable obstacles and encountering many dangers, he found himself before the States prison, which had shared the fate of the other buildings. Smoke and flames were still issuing through the iron gratings of the windows, which, as well as the strong walls, had resisted the power of the fire. But the building was now roofless, and the stillness of death reigned all around it. The groaning of the prisoners was no more heard, neither were the rude words of the jailors. The desolate walls no longer re-echoed the sighs and lamentations of the prisoners. Death had freed them from their sufferings.

Sigismund made his way among the half-burned corpses, amid the smoking ruins, crying aloud, 'Father! father!' unwilling to give up the hope that his father might yet be alive. But there was no answer to his loud and agonized cries. In deep distress he at length left what he thought was the grave of his unfortunate father. Taking another way back to the cathedral, he came to a building which had fallen in, from the ruins of which several people were coming out. They stopped Sigismund's progress for a moment. When he heard the tones of a voice among the ruins, he stopped and listened attentively.

'Oh my God, hast Thou forgotten and forsaken me?' groaned a hollow voice from an opening in a cellar. The boy worked his way as near as possible to the place.

'Poor man,' said he, 'tell me how I can help you.'

'Has the Lord then sent an angel to the most unworthy of His servants? Ah, release me from this stifling prison, or at least bring a drink of water to a dying man, who has languished here two days and two nights.' Sigismund thought he knew the voice. To make himself quite sure he called out, 'Master Zumbe, is it you?'

'Yes, indeed,' was the answer; 'yet who knows me here, lying in darkness?'

Sigismund had heard enough. No one could realize the state of the poor man better than Sigismund, who, but a short time before, had himself suffered the tortures of thirst. But in what way could he help the poor schoolmaster? When he was looking round for a vessel of any kind in which to carry water, he saw the light of a torch, carried by some one coming towards him. Soon two men approached who were evidently not soldiers, and who were carrying between them something apparently very heavy. Sigismund immediately went to meet them, to ask them to help him to release Master Zumbe. He heard them speaking before they were aware of his presence. The torch-bearer, a very fat man, panting for breath, said to his companion, 'Take care that you do not stumble, and let anything fall out of the cowl. If you help me to get my property safe into the camp, you will find I will reward you well. When I saw you a poor, hollow-eyed, half-starved prisoner, how could I know you to be the strong, warlike man who saved me from the stroke of the exasperated citizen who was commanding your party? It is well for you that

you had better eyes than I have; that you knew me at once, and told me who you were, so that I might save you from the rough hands of our soldiers. Now, I hope you will deserve what I have done for you, and that you will not leave me till I have got my small share of booty into a place of safety.'

'No fear of that, worthy father,' replied the other. 'Where should I go since I have lost all?'

As he spoke the man almost fell to the ground. Trying to recover himself, he unwillingly pushed against the monk, and between them the well-filled cowl, which they had turned into a sack, slipped from their hands, and fell clinking with its precious contents. Sigismund had been the cause of this sudden movement, for he had recognised his father's voice, had thrown his arms round his neck rather too impetuously, and so nearly pulled him down.

The monk scolded; Kuhnert wept, laughed, questioned; and Sigismund related his story in broken sentences.

'Ah, worthy father,' said Kuhnert, warmly, 'I entreat you to add to your former kindness. I implore you to release me from my promise to remain with you. You have heard that

my wife and children are starving in the cathedral.'

'Never will I release you from your promise,' cried the monk, angrily. 'Is that all the thanks you give me, you heretic, that you would leave me alone here in a strange city, to carry this heavy cowl myself? I will make the soldiers cut you in pieces if you break your word!'

'Father,' said Sigismund, eagerly, 'in that cellar our good Master Zumbe is lying half-suffocated. Help him out or he will die. He may help thee, father, to carry the sack.'

'No, no! on no account,' cried the monk; 'there is to be no more delay! Come on at once!'

'Father,' entreated Sigismund, 'think that good Master Zumbe shared his bread with us, and gave us three florins when we were almost starving. Now he is dying of thirst in that dismal hole.'

Kuhnert had taken up the cowl, but at these words he set it down again. 'Father,' said he, resolutely, 'I know that my wife and children are under God's protection. He has mercifully saved them till now, and I trust in Him that He will still preserve them. I will, therefore, accompany you to the camp as I promised.

But I cannot leave our benefactor, the teacher of my children, to perish here. Help me to release him, and I am then at your service.'

Finding Kuhnert determined, the monk was most reluctantly obliged to help him to remove stones, beams, and rubbish, in order to release the schoolmaster. The good work succeeded; and when at length out of his dungeon, the half-exhausted man thanked them warmly for his deliverance. Then the monk desired Sigismund's father to take up the cowl, and fulfil his promise to help him to carry it to the camp. Before the father and son parted they agreed to meet, as soon as possible, at the door of the cathedral. Thither Sigismund now led the exhausted Master Zumbe, who drank in new life at the fountain. Then they sat down near the little side-door of the cathedral, to wait for Kuhnert. Whenever any stray soldiers made their appearance, Master Zumbe and Sigismund threw themselves on the ground, pretending to be dead, and their emaciated forms and pale faces made their pretence seem a reality.

CHAPTER X.

DELIVERANCE AT LAST.

'Deliver us from evil.'

DAY had dawned, but Kuhnert had not yet returned from the camp. Master Zumbe and Sigismund were shivering with cold. Two Bavarian officers of high rank approached the place where they lay apparently dead.

Casting a sorrowful look on the desolation around, one of them said: 'Pillwitz! what do you say of our victory?'

'I wish that we had never won it,' answered the other.

'It is an indelible disgrace to the history of the world in our time,' said the first indignantly, 'which all our blood could never wash away. Tigers could not be more bloodthirsty than these inhuman Walloons and Croats who have carried writhing infants at the end of their lances, or thrown them into the flames, amid

bursts of fiendish laughter. There comes Pfeilhosten. Well, Pfeilhosten, what did the General say? Shall this slaughter, burning, and plundering cease at last?'

The officer shrugged his shoulders. 'Come back in an hour and ask me again,' was Tilly's answer to me; 'the soldier must have something for his danger and fatigue.'

'There spoke a true disciple of the Jesuits,' said Pillwitz bitterly. 'Once a Jesuit always a Jesuit; he cannot be untrue to his nature.'

On hearing this, Master Zumbe rose quietly from the ground. Followed by Sigismund, as pale as death, he approached the compassionate officers. The old man knelt before them, his grey hair waving in the wind, his body quivering like an aspen leaf—not from fear, but cold. Sigismund knelt by his side. Raising his folded hands, the schoolmaster said:—'Gracious gentlemen, never before in my life have I knelt except before God. Yet when the lives of my brethren are at stake, I will willingly kneel from morning to night if you will but grant my petition. It is now the third day that, shut up in this cathedral, about three thousand people, young and old, are languishing without food or drink. Those whom the sword has till

now spared are dying of hunger and thirst. They are mostly weak women and innocent children, who, although they never wielded the sword, must yet perish amid the horrors of war. Oh, if you wish that the Lord should have compassion on you in the day of your death, I beseech you now to have compassion on these poor people! The cry of their anguish is ascending to the throne of the Most High.'

'How dreadful!' cried the officers, horror-struck. 'Is such a thing possible?'

'Pfeilhosten!' said the highest in rank among them, 'ride back instantly and see the General. Report to him what you have now heard. Do not leave him till he has promised to show mercy. Do you, Pillwitz, go immediately and order food to be brought here, while I will remain to prevent any of the soldiers from entering the cathedral with hostile intentions.'

Within the cathedral all was as silent as if it was one large grave. The parched mouth complained no more; the dry eyes had no softening tears; the heart no longer sufficient strength to feel the full extent of its misery. The eye of the mother was fixed upon the dying child in her arms struggling in the agonies of death. To satisfy the raging pangs

of hunger, they had even greedily gnawed the leather upon the seats in the church; but they had nothing wherewith to appease their fearful thirst. Yet no one proposed or wished to go out. Like David, they preferred to fall into the hands of God, rather than into those of their merciless enemy.[1] Many times during the two past days, attempts had been made without to break into the church, but the blows of the assailants had produced no effect on its strong doors. But now, about noon on the third day, loud blows of axes were heard thundering on the door. Then the poor people gathered in close masses round their pastor, the pious, courageous Backius, who stood in his accustomed place before the high altar.

He thus spoke to his flock:—'Dear brethren and sisters in the Lord, the hand of death is now knocking at our door. These loud sounds say to us, Set thy house in order, for thou must die. Let us set our house in order; let us, as Christians, heartily forgive each other, if any one has offended or injured another.'

After these words, the pastor turned to his brethren in office, beseeching them to forgive him if he had in any way offended them. There

[1] 2 Sam. xxiv. 14.

was a general reconciliation among the crowd in the large church. The bitterest enemies were reconciled, in the near prospect of death. Among others, the wife of quarter-master Ampach came as a repentant sinner to Mrs. Kuhnert, whose husband they had so deeply injured, and received from her full and free forgiveness.

Then the pastor continued: 'Let us now turn in believing prayer to Him who alone can rescue us from the power of the enemy, and take us to Himself in His own heavenly kingdom. Certainly He will hear our prayers, and grant us mercy for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, our great Mediator. If it is not His will that our lives on earth should be spared, we have still a glorious hope, that we shall be released from all suffering, and taken safely to the mansions He has prepared for those that love Him. Let us pray that He will prepare us for death, and make us ready to depart and to be with Christ. Hearken unto my voice, my King and my God, for I will pray to Thee! Oh Lord God the Father, the Creator and Preserver, have mercy upon us! Oh Lord God the Son, Oh Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer and Mediator, have mercy upon us! Oh Lord

God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, have mercy upon us! Oh most holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, deliver us from all evil. If our last hour is indeed come, prepare us to meet death, and take us in mercy from this place of sorrow to be with Thee in heaven.'

As he pronounced the word 'Amen,' his voice was drowned by the breaking open of the principal door. A cry—uttered by three thousand people—resounded through the church; then there was the deepest silence. Kneeling, with their heads bent down, their arms clasped round the children nestling near them, they waited like patient lambs for the death-stroke.

Accompanied by a numerous band of officers, a little man, with stern features and a fierce expression, entered the cathedral. It was Tilly, who, in his report to the Emperor of the taking of Magdeburg, had boasted that no such victory had ever been seen since the destruction of Troy and of Jerusalem. He had ascended into the house of God over heaps of mouldering corpses; here he found living victims almost more terrible to look upon than the dead without. For about the first time in his life, there issued from his lips the words, 'Pardon!' 'Mercy!'

and 'Mercy!' 'Mercy!' were repeated with loud voices by his horror-struck followers.

The scene that followed cannot be described, but must be left to the imagination of the reader.

The same day the cathedral was cleansed and consecrated anew by Romish priests. Then Tilly marched in at the head of his soldiers; and whilst twenty-five thousand corpses, that had been thrown into the Elbe, were being carried down by its waters, their murderers sang the solemn *Te Deum*,—'We praise Thee, O God,'—and salutes of cannon were fired round the cathedral, which—like a solitary arch in a general flood—stood almost alone among the ashes of the burnt city. What a desecration of holy words! How could such praise be acceptable to a God of love? Amid the saturnalia of death, the work of fiends, caused by the evil ambition of selfish princes and Romish priests, what a mockery it was to sing praise to Him, who is the giver of life and the God of mercy! Could our God accept such thanksgivings as these?

CHAPTER XI.

THE RETURN OF PEACE.

'For Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory for ever. Amen.'

TILLY and his troops had left the ruins of Magdeburg. One church—the cathedral—one convent, and a few houses were all that had escaped the universal destruction. Thirty thousand inhabitants had been slaughtered. The remainder wandered about among the heaps of rubbish, to see if there were anything left of their former possessions. Mrs. Ampach sat upon the ruins of her house, surrounded by the whole family of the Kuhnerts. Master Zumbe was with them.

Of all the inhabitants of Magdeburg, the Archbishop not excepted, the poor cooper was now the richest; for he had not lost one member of his family during the reign of terror. He had recovered his freedom; Sigismund's health was improved; and all had preserved their cheerful trust in God. He now related to

his family how he had been lying almost unconscious in his prison, half suffocated with smoke, when a band of soldiers had broken open the door, and, with the most terrible threats, had questioned him if he knew where any treasures were concealed. When he could not satisfy their avarice, one of them had raised his sword to kill him, when he chanced to see the monk whose life he had saved from Ampach's anger when they were in the hostile camp. This monk was now, like the rest, busily engaged in collecting plunder. Kuhnert reminded him of the service he had done him, and was fortunate in finding him not ungrateful —the rather because the monk required some one to help him to carry the spoil, and he pledged himself that if Kuhnert would do so, he should be restored in safety to his family. The poor cooper acknowledged with gratitude that the Lord had wonderfully delivered him from the rage of wicked men, and had mercifully preserved him and his.

Therefore he praised the Lord, and ascribed to Him the glory for all His gracious mercy; and with far other feelings than those with which Tilly had ordered the *Te Deum*, the little children joined in a sincere song of praise.

Then Master Zumbe, the teacher, left without school or pupils, said cheerfully, 'If the enemy have taken everything else from me, they have at least left me the word of God.'

Then he took from his pocket the Bible with the silver clasps, which had belonged to Mrs. Kuhnert. Handing it to her, he said, 'Take back your property, my dear friend. May its contents remain always in your heart, and in the hearts of your children, and prove rich in blessings to you. "*Omnia mecum porto*" (I carry all my goods with me),' continued he, smiling, when Mrs. Kuhnert suggested to him that the book was his rightful property, and that he had nothing else left.

The generous man meant by this speech that knowledge and learning are treasures which the possessor can carry anywhere, of which no enemy can rob him, and by which he may procure both subsistence and honour.

Mrs. Ampach had been formerly like her husband—a little avaricious; but her heart was softened by adversity, and was now overflowing with love and kindness. She said that her late husband had buried a cask of money in the cellar, and promised if she should find it to share, like a sister, her superfluity with those

who were sitting around her, and with other sufferers. The rubbish was removed, and the cask found where it had been buried. Mrs. Ampach honestly kept her word.

A new house soon arose on the site of the old one, built with part of the money that had been discovered. It was large enough to contain, not only Mrs. Ampach and her household, but also the cooper Kuhnert and his family. Kuhnert assisted the childless widow in beginning again and carrying on prosperously the business of her former husband; and, in return, she was like a second mother to his children, and assisted their mother in bringing them up in the fear of God. Master Zumbe and other sufferers, who were left without a shelter, found a hospitable welcome under the roof of Mrs. Ampach, until in a time of prosperity new dwellings could be erected for them.

Soon after the end of the unfortunate Thirty Years' War, there arose round the venerable cathedral—which had been left standing in the midst of the desolation—whole streets of beautiful buildings, which were again filled with crowds of industrious inhabitants. Peace and gladness returned to the city, and now, after more than two hundred years, Magdeburg is more pros-

perous and more beautiful than it ever was before. It has between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants, and is a place of considerable manufacturing industry as well as commerce. It is a fortress of the first class, and is considered one of the strongest in Europe. The famous Baron Trenck was long imprisoned in the citadel, which also serves as a State prison.

It is situated in a fertile plain, and the towers of its churches may be seen from a distance, rising above the level lines of its ramparts.

The gate by which Tilly entered the town still continues walled up; and upon the house of the commandant, whom he beheaded, may be still read the words: 'Remember the 10th of May 1631.'

The finest building in the city is the venerable cathedral, one of the noblest Gothic edifices of North Germany. It was built between 1211 and 1363, and during the present century was repaired by the Prussian Government at the cost of 300,000 thalers. Some of its monuments are thus described in Murray's *Hand-Book*:—

'The tomb of the Emperor Otho and his Queen Editha (daughter of Edmund, King of the Anglo-Saxons) is of the 10th century.

'The arches of the east end behind the high altar assume the horse-shoe shape, seen in Moorish buildings, and are very elegant.

'The pulpit of alabaster, now sadly mutilated, is the work of one Sebastian Extel, 1594. There is a monument by the same hand in the church.

'In a chapel at the west end is the monument of Archbishop Ernest (1497), executed in bronze by the celebrated artist of Nuremberg, Peter Vischer. The figures of the twelve Apostles around it are worthy of minute examination as works of art of great excellence. Among other remarkable monuments is that of one Bake (Backius), a canon of the cathedral, who saved the building from destruction by interceding on its behalf with Tilly, whose schoolfellow he had been.

'Against the walls are placed tablets bearing the names of the men of Magdeburg who fell in the War of Liberation, with this simple heading: "*Aus dieser Stadt starben für König und Vaterland.*"'

The traveller who now enters the cathedral must still remember the terrible scenes of its past history, and may picture to himself the sighs and groans of the prisoners, the dead

lying among the vaulted arches, and the glow of the fire without streaming through the windows. Then, doubtless, the spectator will feel the sincere and most ardent desire:—

'May such horrible scenes never again disgrace Christendom!'

Every Christian and every feeling heart will unite in this prayer: 'Amen! so be it.'

GUSTAVUS VASA.

'Thou noble Swede, now hold thee fast,
Mend what was faulty in the past,
'Gainst wile and fetch defend thee;
Gage thou thy neck, ply well thy brand,
To rescue thine own fatherland,
And God may comfort send thee.

'The bird his brood-nest tends with care,
So does the wild beast guard his lair,
Then mark what is beseeming;
Thee sense of truth and right God gave,
Be rather free than other's slave,
The while life's gifts are teeming.'

Old Swedish Poetry.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

I.

THE FUGITIVE.

LAKE MÄLER in Sweden, at the end of which Stockholm is situated, is one of the most beautiful of European lakes. It is about seventy-five miles in length, and there are not less than fourteen hundred islands in its waters. The scenery is exquisite; there are abundant remains of primeval forests on its banks and islands. It is rich in natural beauties, and it is equally remarkable for its historical reminiscences.

In November 1520, when important events were taking place in Sweden, two men were seated in a room of the old castle of Gripsholm, situated on Lake Mäler; they were earnestly discussing what was their duty in these troublous times. The elder of the two, a

venerable man in an ecclesiastical dress, was the Archbishop Jacob Ulfson. Opposite to him sat a tall young man of a handsome well-proportioned figure, of about twenty-four years of age. He had a round head, fair hair, bright eyes, a small straight nose, and a well-shaped mouth. His features wore an expression of great determination. The archbishop was earnestly advising his young companion to submit to the dominion of the Danes.

'You can do no good, my young friend,' said he; 'you will only provoke King Christian to bring more calamities on our unhappy country. It is better for the interests of peace that we should yield at once. I believe your name is included in the amnesty already published; and even if it is not, I offer you my intercession with the king that all shall be forgotten, provided you now submit.'

'I never will submit,' said Gustavus, earnestly; 'it is a mistake to suppose that any amount of submission will put a stop to the cruelty and tyranny of Christian of Denmark. The more we yield, the more will he exact.'

'I fear you are somewhat influenced by personal ambition,' said the old archbishop; 'you have not forgotten what King John said to you

in your childhood, that you would be a remarkable man if you should live.'

'I assure you, venerable father, that I have no selfish motives,' replied Gustavus. 'If my beloved country were freed from tyranny and oppression, I would be well content to be one of her humblest citizens. I believe there are enough of bold hearts and strong arms among the mountains of Dalecarlia to free us from the foreign oppressor.'

'Have you not yet forgotten that dream of your boyhood?' said the archbishop; 'if I mistake not, when your schoolmaster heard of it, he tried to put such fancies out of your mind by flogging you.'

'Yes,' said Gustavus, bitterly; 'and that flogging only impressed them more deeply on my heart, and I yet hope to put them in execution. You know that I have suffered persecution for the cause, though perhaps you do not know all that I endured when in captivity in the castle of my kinsman, Eric Bauer.'

'I know that he gave you but poor fare, my young friend,' said the archbishop. 'I have been told that your diet consisted of salt meat, sour beer, black bread, and rancid herring; but

surely that need not have signified much to a healthy youth like you.'

'It was a matter of utter indifference to me,' said Gustavus; 'I could not have enjoyed the greatest delicacies while kept in forced idleness, when there was so much to do. Then think with what agony I heard the Danish officers casting lots among themselves for Swedish lands, and planning outrages of the most detestable kind! I could bear it no longer. You know that I borrowed the dress of one of the ox-herds, and made my escape to Lubeck, where I remained some time. But the burgomaster sent me back to my own country from fear of the emissaries of Christian. I would fain have gone to help the noble Christina Gyllenstierna, who was then so bravely defending Stockholm, but it was too closely besieged by King Christian.'

'Where, then, have you been lately?' asked the archbishop.

'In my father's lands, among the hills of Smaland,' replied Gustavus. 'I warned the peasants of the cruelties they would suffer if they submitted to Christian; but the mean fellows would not listen to me. They told me that King Christian had promised that there

should be no scarcity either of herrings or salt[1] in the country, and that is all they seem to care for. But how can I blame the peasants when my own brother-in-law, Joachim Brahe, who ought to know better, has gone to the coronation of the tyrant?'

'You judge too harshly, my young friend,' said Jacob Ulfson. 'I assure you that submission is the best way to obtain clemency from King Christian. It would be madness to resist him.'

At that moment a bustle was heard in the hall of the castle, accompanied by exclamations of horror and surprise, and then an old servant of Joachim Brahe entered the room where the archbishop and Gustavus were seated. He was so overcome that he could scarcely speak to tell the terrible tidings he brought. Stockholm had been surrendered by Christina sorely against her will, in obedience to the wishes of some influential men in the city, upon the promise of the king that he would not exact vengeance for what had passed, and that he would govern according to the laws of Sweden.

[1] Salt was procured from abroad, and by the distribution of a supply of this condiment, Christian II. tried to gain the attachment of the Swedish peasants.

But these promises were false. He appeared friendly to all till after his coronation, and then the principal lords of the nobility and the chief men among the clergy were imprisoned. The next day the chief of the burghers suffered the same fate. All of them were beheaded, and among them his master, Joachim Brahe. The terrible work of assassination went on without even the form of trial. Handicraftsmen were dragged from their work to the slaughter; and bystanders were also pulled into the circle by the headsmen, who did their bloody office upon them because they had been seen to weep. Proclamations of security and peace were made to entice new victims from their hiding-places, only to be slaughtered without remorse. The market-place had been filled with corpses too numerous to bury, and they had been carried away and burned at Sodermalm. The brave Steno Sturé's body had been torn from the grave, and cast upon the funeral pile. 'I much fear,' said the old man, as he concluded his terrible tidings, 'that this is but the beginning of sorrows. It is said that a gallows is ordered to be erected in every town through which he intends to pass.'

'Then we must prepare to meet him,' said

Gustavus, firmly. 'You see, venerable father, the effect of submission. You will not now attempt to dissuade me from trying to raise sufficient forces among the brave Dalecarlians to put a stop to these atrocities?'

The archbishop was dumb with horror: for some time he was unable to reply. He then said, solemnly, 'I will not try to oppose you, my son. Go, and may God's blessing be upon you!'

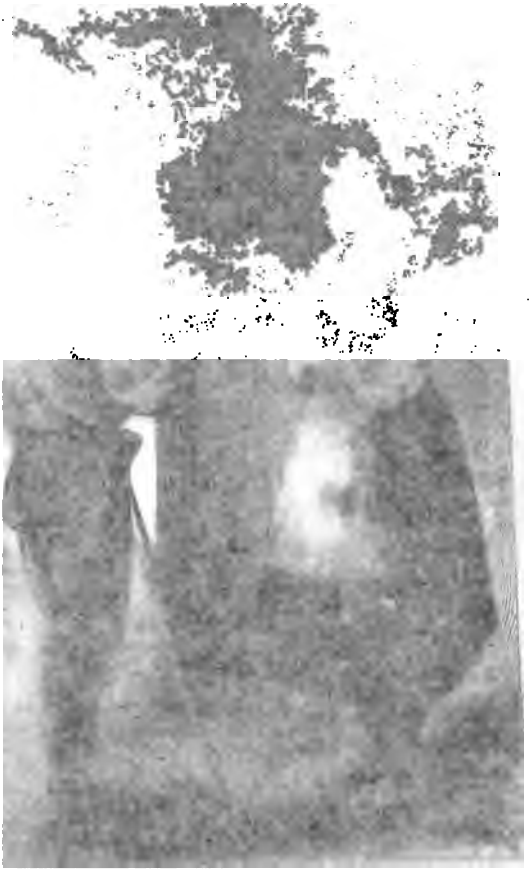
Gustavus left Gripsholm, and went to his father's house at Raefsness, to prepare for his journey to Dalecarlia. He left this place on the 25th November, accompanied only by a servant whom he believed to be faithful to him. But they had not been long on the road when Gustavus perceived a change in the servant's demeanour. From being civil and almost subservient, he became sullen and rude. When they reached Kolsund's Ferry, the servant refused to go farther. 'You may thank me for not betraying you to the authorities, because you are my master's son,' said he, in an insolent tone; 'but I know that there is a price set on your head, and I am not going to put myself in danger on your account. I shall take this baggage to pay myself for my trouble in following you so far.' So saying, he returned carry-

ing with him all the baggage that Gustavus had taken with him for his expedition.

Gustavus did not attempt to oppose the man's return; he felt that it was better to be rid of so unfaithful a fellow. He proceeded on his way alone, and with part of the money remaining in his purse he bought the dress of a common labourer. Attired in this disguise, he made his way to Dalecarlia, and arrived at the Kopparberg at the end of the month.

The town of Falun, or old Kopparberg, at which is the great copper mine, is the capital of Dalecarlia, and is about one hundred and forty English miles from Stockholm. Dalecarlia, or rather Dalarna (the Dales), chiefly consists of the two great river basins of the East and West Dal, which rise in the lofty mountains which form the boundary between Sweden and Norway. These rivers unite a few miles west of Falun, and there form the river Dal. The population of these mountain valleys considered themselves a superior race to their lowland neighbours.

When Gustavus arrived in Dalecarlia, he obtained employment as a thresher at Rankhytta, on the farm belonging to an old college friend, a rich miner, Anders Person, who re-



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ceived him kindly, and was disposed to shelter him, provided he remained in disguise. Unfortunately, however, Gustavus gave offence to Bridget, Anders Person's maid-servant, who considered herself a most important personage, and was disposed to treat the farm-labourers somewhat as her drudges, and to demand of them service not required by her master. She soon perceived that Gustavus was no common labourer, but all her attempts to find out what he was or whence he had come were in vain. Gustavus spoke to her as little as he could help, and avoided answering any of her questions, which only made her watch him the more narrowly.

One day, when Gustavus was threshing in the barn as usual, Bridget appeared dressed to attend a village festival in the neighbourhood, to which she invited Gustavus to accompany her. She was dressed in a short black petticoat, a red boddice, a white chemise with long sleeves, a smart bright-coloured apron, red stockings, and shoes with wooden soles. On her head she wore a very small black cap, which covered only the back of her hair. She was evidently vain of her appearance, and thought she was condescending much when she invited the new

GUSTAVUS VUSA.

Page 113.

labourer to accompany her. To her great surprise her invitation was flatly refused, and not in the most courteous terms, for Gustavus disliked her prying ways. While speaking to her he dropped his flail, and as he stooped to pick it up, Bridget's sharp eyes saw a shirt collar embroidered with gold appearing from under the woollen jerkin which he wore. Astonished at the discovery, she went immediately to inform her master.

'Your new labourer has been extremely impertinent to me,' said she to him, spitefully. 'He gives himself such airs that I suspect he is not what he appears to be. Who knows whether he is not one of the men on whose heads a price is set? What do you say to his wearing a shirt collar embroidered with gold?'

'Nonsense, Bridget, you must be mistaken; or at all events he may have got some old collar from a former master. Go to the festival and think no more about him. I am sure you will find plenty to accompany you. However, I will inquire into the matter.' He gave money to Bridget, and desired her to hasten away, and to tell the other labourers on the farm that they might all have a holiday, as the newly-engaged

labourer would do all the necessary work for that day.

No sooner were his workpeople gone than Anders Person went at once to the barn where Gustavus was threshing. 'You are discovered,' he said, hastily. 'Your refusal to go to the festival has made all the men suspect you; and Bridget seems to think, from your embroidered collar, that you are one of those seeking shelter in disguise. You know how talkative she is, and I should not be surprised if even to-day she should set the pursuers upon your track.'

'What then do you advise me to do?' asked Gustavus.

'I will give you a letter to Arendt Person at Orness, who was, you remember, one of our college friends at Upsala. If you depart at once, so as to be far away before the servants return, you may escape unobserved.'

Gustavus lost no time in following this advice. He went on foot as being less likely to be noticed, and before nightfall he was far away from Rankhytta. When he arrived at Orness he was received kindly by Arendt Person, who welcomed him with friendly words, and invited him to remain, advising him at the same time to keep in close concealment in a small room in

the house, in case he should be traced there. Having shown Gustavus the room in which he wished him to be hidden, Arendt went in search of his wife, to whom he communicated the arrival of their dangerous guest, telling her to provide him with food, but to take it to him herself, that he might not be seen by any of the household. 'For my part,' continued Arendt, 'I intend to go at once to Bennet Brunson, the king's bailiff, and inform him where Gustavus is to be found.'

'Surely, Arendt,' said Barbara, his wife, 'you cannot mean to betray your friend under your own roof!'

'Why not?' said Arendt. 'He was never a very particular friend of mine. To tell you the truth, when we were at college together I did not much like the fellow. I did not ask him to come here, and I don't see why we should not get the large reward that is offered for his capture.'

'Oh, my dear husband,' said Barbara, in a tone of deep distress, 'I will not believe that you could be guilty of treachery! If you did not mean to protect your former friend, you should at least have told him so frankly. You should not have received him kindly, with the

intention of betraying him. Think better of it, Arendt; be assured treachery never prospers.'

'Silence, foolish woman!' said Arendt angrily; 'do not argue with me, but obey me. You will give him food and treat him kindly, not to excite his suspicions; but I leave him to your keeping, and woe to you if he escapes!'

A short time after this conversation Arendt set off on his treacherous errand. Barbara knew that he could not return till late in the following day. She resolved at all hazards to save Gustavus. Barbara's sympathies were with her oppressed countrymen, and she would have been at any time disposed to save a Swede from the Danes; but in this case she was influenced, also, by an earnest desire to prevent her husband from committing what was, in her eyes, a crime of the deepest dye. She took food to Gustavus, as her husband had desired her to do; and when she saw the persecuted man, her heart was still more moved to pity. After exacting a promise that he would forgive her husband, and never at any future time seek to be avenged, Barbara told Gustavus that Orness was no safe refuge for him. She advised him to take a few hours' rest, and promised to have everything ready for his departure at

nightfall. Her brother, Anders Stigsdotter, chanced to be that day at Orness, and to him she went for advice. Anders, like his sister, sympathised with the Swedes, and hated their Danish oppressors. It was no difficult matter to get him to assist Gustavus. It had been previously arranged that Anders was to leave Orness that evening, and he had his sledge and horse there waiting for him.

Barbara ordered supper at a late hour for her brother; and desired the servants to go to bed after they had placed it on the table, as she had some family affairs to arrange with her brother, which might detain him for some time. When the house was quiet, Anders took Gustavus with him to the stables, where he harnessed the horse himself, and they departed unobserved.

They went that night to the house of Master Jon, the priest of Swaerdsiö, with whom Anders was exceedingly intimate. He awoke the worthy priest by tapping gently on the window, fearing that some of the servants might betray them; but Master Jon told them to fear nothing, and gave them a hearty welcome, assuring them that his people were all faithful to him. He said Gustavus would be quite safe there for a day or two; but that if he remained

longer, his presence might be observed in the priest's small household. He advised him to go to the house of Sweno Elfson, who had a large establishment, in which one person more or less was not likely to be noticed. Besides, Sweno Elfson was the king's ranger, and would have more power to protect him.

Sweno Elfson and his wife received Gustavus with great kindness; but, even in their house, he was obliged to remain disguised, and to continue to thresh in the barn as he had done at Rankhytta. The bailiff, to whom information had been given by Arendt Person, sent emissaries all over the country in pursuit of the fugitive; and it was soon found that even the house of Sweno Elfson was no longer safe. A consultation was held, and it was resolved that the persecuted fugitive should seek concealment in the forest at Marness. Two friends, Peter and Matthew Olson, who lived on the verge of the forest, agreed to conceal and protect him. Sweno Elfson suggested that the best way he could travel would be in a cart, hidden under a load of straw. The kind Sweno Elfson himself arranged the straw, so as most effectually to conceal the fugitive. Thick trusses were laid all round the cart, leaving only a small hole at

one end for air; and after Gustavus had lain down in the cart, thick trusses were laid over him, and over all some loose straw was thrown. Thus concealed, Gustavus bade adieu to his friends, and left their hospitable home, accompanied by Peter and Matthew Olson as the drivers of the cart.

They had not gone very far when they met a party of the emissaries of the bailiff, who were going to search Sweno Elfson's house. They stopped the cart, and not contented with questioning the drivers, they plunged their spears into the straw. Gustavus was wounded; but, with marvellous self-command, he did not utter a sound. The party were about to depart, when Peter Olson observed a few drops of blood falling on the snow. With great presence of mind he drew out his knife, and cut the foot of one of the horses while he appeared to be examining it. The cart moved on, and the bailiff's party, who were still on the spot, observed the blood on the snow. They immediately followed the cart. 'What is this?' said their leader, pointing to the drops of blood. 'Have you a wounded man in the cart after all?'

'Only a wounded horse here, in front,' said

Peter Olson; 'did you not see me looking at his foot? You may examine it yourselves. Perhaps some of you clumsy men have hurt the poor animal with your spears, which you have been throwing about in such a reckless way.'

The leader of the bailiff's party examined the horse's foot, and finding it was really bleeding, he was satisfied. He and his men went on to the house of Sweno Elfson; and Gustavus and his friends reached the house of the Olsons in safety. Here they stopped for a moment, to dress the wound of Gustavus and give him some refreshment; but they dared not remain long. Happily the wound was slight, as the straw had been so closely packed that the spears could scarcely penetrate it; and Gustavus was able to proceed on foot into the depths of the forest, where a couch of straw, covered with dry moss, was made for him, under the spreading branches of a fallen fir-tree.

For three days he lay there concealed; and early in the morning or at nightfall his friends secretly brought him food. So great was the vigilance of his enemies, that he was obliged continually to change his hiding-place. He was for some time concealed in a cellar in the

hamlet of Utmedland. He took refuge in the copper mines near Falun, where he worked among the miners. He made himself so popular with them, that they were afterwards zealous in his cause. The chief of those appointed by the Danish Government to seize or kill Gustavus, was Nicholas, the bailiff of Dalecarlia. A soldier, who had been in the service of Steno Sturé, irritated at the bailiff's continued persecution of Gustavus, surprised Nicholas, and killed him in his official abode in Mora. After this event the pursuit was no longer carried on so actively; the death of the bailiff struck terror into his party, who feared that they might share his fate. Gustavus was able to leave the mines, and to make himself known to the peasants, who almost all sympathized with him, even when they were not prepared to join him.

II.

THE LIBERATOR AND KING.

'One eminent above the rest for strength,
For stratagem, or courage, or for all,
Was chosen leader: him they served in war.
And him in peace, for sake of warlike deeds
Reverenced no less. Who could with him compare?
Or who so worthy to control themselves
As he, whose prowess had subdued their foes?'

COWPER.

IT was at the church of Rattwick or Rettwick, on the bank of the great Siljan Lake, that Gustavus first spoke to an assembly of peasants. This church was a great place of resort on Sundays and festivals, from the surrounding villages upon the lake. On a festival day Gustavus addressed the people. He spoke to them of the tyranny of the foreigner, and of what they themselves had to fear from the tyranny of the oppressors of their country. But the subject was new to the peasants. The

rumour of the cruelties of the king had hardly penetrated to these remote villages among the hills. They declared their sympathy with Gustavus, and promised to protect him, but would not promise to undertake any enterprise before consultation with the other parishes of Dalecarlia.

Gustavus accordingly quitted Rattwick, to speak to the peasantry in other places. He had not long left the village when a party of the Swedish nobles, of the Danish faction, were seen coming up on the ice of Lake Siljan, with a retinue of a hundred horse. They were on their way to seize Gustavus. True to their promise of protection, the peasants who first saw them hastened to the church, and rang the bells. This was a well-known signal for the assembling of the country people on occasions of common peril. It chanced that the wind blew towards the upper country; and so great a concourse of people speedily assembled, that the strangers were obliged to seek refuge, partly in the priest's house, partly in the Tower, where they were soon assailed with a shower of arrows; and could only ransom their lives by the assurance that they would do no harm to Gustavus.

Gustavus next addressed the peasantry at Mora, at the festival of Christmas, when the people were accustomed to assemble. It has been sometimes supposed that he spoke from the Mora stone, situated about one mile from the city of Upsala. The Mora stone is celebrated in Swedish history as the spot where the kings of Sweden were formerly elected. But this is quite a distinct place from the parish of Mora, which is situated at the head of the Siljan Lake, much farther north. There is a great festival held in Sweden at Christmas, with many curious old observances. One of these is a race from the church on the day after Christmas; for he that first reached home, it was thought, would first reap the harvest of the year.

Gustavus addressed the people in a most earnest and emphatic speech. To use the words of a Swedish historian: 'He bade the old to consider well, and the young to inform themselves what manner of tyranny foreigners had set up in Sweden; and how much they themselves had suffered and ventured for the freedom of the realm. The remembrance neither of Jösse Ericson's oppressions, nor of Engelbert's heroism, had yet died away in the dales; Sweden was now trampled under foot by

the Danes; and its noblest blood had been shed; his own father had chosen "rather with his associates, the honour-loving nobles, in God's name to die," than to be spared, and survive them. Might they now show themselves men who wished to guard their native land from slavery, then would he become, by God's help, their chief, and risk life and welfare for their freedom and the deliverance of the realm.'

From the men of Mora, Gustavus received at this time an unfavourable answer. The oppression which had weighed so heavily on the more southern parts of the kingdom had scarcely yet reached them. They said that they were resolved to remain true to the homage they had sworn to King Christian; and they bade Gustavus 'take himself off whither he could.' In the last days of 1520, Gustavus, despairing of arousing the peasants at that time, continued his flight over the wilderness which separates East from West Dalecarlia.

About the New Year, Lawrence Olaveson, an officer of great experience, and John Michelson, a nobleman of Upland, arrived at Mora, and announced to the inhabitants that King Christian was about to ride his Ericsgait.

According to the ancient law of Sweden every new king was obliged to ride his Ericsgait; that is to say, to travel through the country from province to province, receiving the homage of the people, and taking hostages for their obedience.

Lawrence Olaveson and his companion assembled the peasants, and gave them so graphic a description of the massacre of Stockholm, as to bring tears to their eyes.

'Be assured,' said Lawrence Olaveson, 'that the same cruelties which were perpetrated at Stockholm will mark the king's progress throughout the kingdom. The gallows and the wheel are being prepared in every town; the whole population are to be disarmed, that they may not be able to resist the payment of the heavy taxes that are to be laid upon them. You will have to suffer in your turn,' continued he to the excited peasants. 'Who can tell how many of you may be killed within the next few months; or may survive with tortured bodies and mutilated limbs?'

At these words a loud murmur arose among the people, and the name of Gustavus Ericson was heard on all sides.

'He warned us of this; we should not have let him leave us,' said many voices.

'You were indeed wrong,' said Lawrence Olaveson, 'to allow such a noble leader to depart. There are many brave Swedish soldiers now wandering in the forests, resolved never to submit to the Danes, and they would gladly rally round such a leader as Gustavus Ericson, to free their country from its oppressors.'

The people with one voice resolved to bring Gustavus back. Runners on snow-skates were sent off in all directions to seek for him. They knew he intended to go into Norway by one of the mountain paths, and a party of them found him in the hamlet of Seln, in the upper part of the parish of Lima.

Gustavus returned to Mora, where he found assembled the principal and most influential yeomen of all the parishes in the eastern and western dales. He was unanimously elected to be 'lord and chieftain over them and the commons of the realm of Sweden.'

Fugitives arrived from Westeras, a town situated on Lake Mäler, which had constant intercourse with Stockholm. These men brought with them fresh accounts of the tyranny of Christian. Their answers to the numerous questions asked them increased the determination of the peasants to resist. Sixteen active peasants

were appointed as the body-guard of Gustavus, and two hundred more youths who joined him were called his foot-goers. It was remarked that while Gustavus was addressing the people the north wind always blew, and the old men present said that this 'was an old token to them that God would give them good success.'

In the early part of 1521, Gustavus went to the Kopparberg at the head of several hundred men, took prisoner his enemy Christopher Olson, the warden of the mines, and made himself master of a considerable sum of money and valuable goods. He marched from parish to parish, the way everywhere being prepared for him by fugitives from Stockholm bringing accounts of the cruelties exercised there, and his army continually increased.

Theodoric Slaghoek, a Dutchman by birth and a barber by trade, had been the principal instigator of the massacre at Stockholm, and he was appointed the king's lieutenant in Sweden. He was also made bishop of the see of the diocese of Skara, the bishop of which had been murdered. Jens Anderson, called Beldenacke, was in like manner made bishop of Streugness, instead of the bishop who had been killed in the

massacre of Stockholm. Like the 'Tulchan'[1] bishops in Scotland during a similar time of oppression and persecution, these men had become bishops for the privileges and riches they thereby obtained. Besides their revenues, their perquisites were very large. For example, at the consecration of a church a bishop was allowed a train of twelve men and fourteen horses, and he received a ton of wheat and rye bread, a ton of barley bread, two flitches of bacon, four sheep, eight hens, three lispunds (about fifty-one pounds) of butter, two cheeses, four stockfish, five pounds of wax, and three casks of beer, with hay and oats for the horses.

These Danish bishops were 'strange men for such an office,' says Olave Peterson, 'as they well proved by their actions.' They joined the army of the Danish king, and marched with six thousand men of horse and foot towards the Dal river, on the banks of which they encamped, at the Ferry of Brunbäck. They found that the other side of the Ferry was guarded by a detachment of Dalecarlians, under the command of Peter Swenson of Viderboda, a powerful miner, whom Gustavus had appointed their captain. Bishop Beldenacke, though he had volun-

[1] See note at end, p. 221.

tarily joined the army,—possibly from the same motive as he had accepted his bishopric, the love of power and plunder,—was rather a coward; and when he saw the Dalesmen's arrows flying across the stream and showering into the Danish camp, he thought it was full time to retreat. He went in all haste to consult the Swedish lords in the camp.

'These rebels are skilful marksmen,' said he; 'do you not think that the camp should be removed to a greater distance from the Ferry?'

'Every man in this country is a skilful marksman,' said Eric Trollé, one of the Swedes; 'they are taught the use of the bow from a very early age. Boys are obliged to earn their morning's meal by hitting a mark with an arrow.'

'And have these peasants any other arms?' inquired the Danish bishop.

'Doubtless they have,' replied the Swedish noble; 'they have axes, pikes, and slings; and they sometimes throw pieces of red-hot iron from their slings with great precision.'

'These peasants are constantly accustomed to use their weapons,' said another of the Swedish nobles; 'for they can never go out unarmed even to church on account of the numbers of wolves in the forests.'

'And how many of them are there?' inquired the Danish bishop. 'How great a force do you think the tract above the Long Wood could furnish at the utmost?'

'Full twenty thousand men,' answered one of the Swedes, 'brave men every one of them.'

'And how, in this wild country, can food be procured for so many mouths?' asked Bishop Beldenacke.

'These people are not used to dainty meats,' said Eric Trollé: 'for the most part they drink nothing but water; and if need be they can be satisfied with bark-bread,[1] or cakes made of the roots of the water-dragon,[2] which grows wild on the banks of the river.'

'Brethren, let us leave this place!' said Bishop Beldenacke in great alarm. 'Who can hope to overcome men who eat wood and drink water?'

Theodoric Slaghoek, the ex-barber, was not more valiant than his brother bishop. They summoned a council to consider whether they ought to retreat to some fortified place, till they could assemble more troops. The proposal was opposed by some of the leaders; but it was supported by a party of the Swedish nobles, who

[1] See note at end, p. 222. [2] *Ibid.*

disliked fighting against their brave countrymen. After some discussion, the bishops had their own way, and orders were given to break up the encampment.

Meantime, Peter Swenson with his bold Dalesmen stole secretly from their camp, leaving only a few archers to prevent the enemy from observing the march of his band. They made a circuit, and quietly crossed the river Dal at Utsund's Ferry, and, marching under cover of the forest, they surprised the Danes—who were hastily breaking up their camp—defeated and thoroughly routed them. The memory of this victory is still preserved in an old lay of the Dales:—

'Fir-hoppers[1] and ptarmigans in the tree
The Dale-arrow hits right well;
With bloodhound Christian, the foe of the free,
'Twill hardly better mell.

'Headlong the Jutes tumbled in Brunnebäck's elf,
While the waters purled merrily round;
And sad they grieved that Christian's self
Had not like fortune found.'

In another old ballad on the same affair it is said:—

[1] Squirrels.

'Brunnebäck's elf is deep and broad,
With drowning Jutes its waves we load;
So from Sweden the Danes were chased out.'

While Peter Swenson was defeating the Danes at Brunnebäck, Gustavus had been in Helsingland and Gestrieland, in order to insure himself against leaving foes in his rear; and after his return to the Dales, he prepared for an expedition into the lower country. He assembled his troops at Hedemora, and sought to inure them to habits of order and obedience. He instructed his men to fashion their arrows in a more effective shape, and increased the length of the spear by four or five feet, with a view to repel the attacks of cavalry.

As Gustavus marched southwards, many of the peasants joined his army. Theodoric Slaghoek, the ex-barber, after being routed at Brunnebäck, had retreated to the fortress of Westeras, where he exercised his power with barbarous cruelty and outrage. 'He caused all the fences of the neighbourhood to be broken down, in order to be able to use his cavalry without impediment against the insurgent peasants, who, on the 29th April, approached the town. Both horsemen and foot, with field-pieces, marched against them; and

Gustavus, who had interdicted his men from engaging in a contest with the enemy, intending to defer the attack till the following day, was still at Balundsas, half a mile from the town, when news reached him that his young soldiers were already at blows with adversaries, and he hastened to their assistance. The Dalecarlians opposed their long pikes to the onset of the cavalry with such effect, that more than four hundred horses having perished in the assault, they were driven back on the infantry, who were posted in their rear, and compelled to flee along with them; while Lawrence Ericson pushed into the town by a circuitous road, and possessed himself of the enemy's artillery in the market-place. When the garrison of the castle observed this, they set fire to the houses by shooting their combustibles, and burned the greatest part of the town. The miners and peasants, dispersed to extinguish the flames or to plunder, bartered with one another the goods of the traders in the booths, possessed themselves of the stock of wine in the cathedral and the council-house, seated themselves round the vats, drank and sang. The Danes, reinforced from the castle, rallied anew, and the victory would undoubtedly have been changed

into an overthrow, had not Gustavus sent Lawrence Olaveson, with the followers he had kept about him, again into the town, where, after a renewal of the conflict, the foe was put to an utter rout. Many cast away their arms, and threw themselves, between fire and sword, into the waters. Gustavus caused all the stores of spirituous liquors to be destroyed, and beat in the wine-casks with his own hand.'

Gustavus marched onwards from victory to victory, taking the castles of those who opposed him on the way. He completed the conquest of the kingdom by taking Stockholm after a siege of full two years.

Gustavus was first elected administrator of the kingdom, and then King of Sweden on the 7th June 1523.

Gustavus, from the very beginning of his reign, favoured the principles of the Reformation, which had already begun to spread in Sweden. In a letter to Luther, Gustavus says: 'We have, from the very commencement of our reign, been adherents to the pure and true word of God, so far as grace hath been bestowed upon us for the understanding of it.'

The Romish Church was justly regarded by the people as a foreign power established in the

kingdom of Sweden, and during the troubles the priests had looked well to their own interests, and had endeavoured to increase their power, which attempts were opposed by the people. It was a Romish archbishop who opened the way to the throne for Christian the tyrant, and in consequence the archbishop and his priests were detested in Sweden. In 1519, Olave and Lawrence Peterson, two brothers who had studied in Wittemberg and were disciples of Luther, returned to their native country, and preached the doctrines of the Reformation. Gustavus, when he came into power, took the Petersons under his protection. He appointed Olave Peterson to be minister and town-clerk of Stockholm, and made his younger brother Lawrence professor in Upsala. He also refused to allow the establishment of inquisitors in Sweden, as the Pope demanded that he should do; he refused to prohibit the sale of Luther's writings; and he permitted God's word and gospel to be preached. In consequence of these things, the priests everywhere intrigued against the king, and tried to raise insurrections among the people. But the king was resolute. He even threatened to be king no longer, if his council

persisted in supporting the priests and in maintaining the supremacy of the Pope.

'All of you will be our masters,' said he: 'monks and priests, and creatures of the Pope, you set over our heads; and for all our toils for your welfare, we have no other reward to expect than that you would gladly see the axe at our neck, yet none of you but grasp the handle. Such guerdon we can as well want as any of you. Who would be your king on such terms? Therefore, look to it, that ye release me fairly from the government, and restore me that which I have disbursed from my own stock for the general weal; then will I depart and never see again my ungrateful fatherland.'

'The king at these words burst into tears, and hastily quitted the hall.'

The common people and burghers were all on the side of Gustavus, and they forced the council to yield. A supplication was laid before the king that he would continue in the government, offering him willing obedience; but, at first, he sternly refused. Three times was the supplication carried to him before he relented. All his demands were fully conceded; and among these were some which showed the wisdom of the ruler. Liberty was given to preach the

pure word of God; but not 'uncertain miracles, human inventions, and fables, as hath been much used heretofore.' The Gospels were appointed to be read in all the schools 'as beseems those which are truly Christian.' It were well for us now if all our rulers were as truly wise in this respect as Gustavus was!

In his speech to the council convened at Örebro, when his sons were declared heirs to the throne, the king once more expressed his attachment to the principles of the Reformation. 'To serve God rightly, to love Him above all, and to believe in Jesus Christ as our only Saviour; to hear and teach God's word with gladness; to be obedient to magistrates, according to His injunction; to love one's neighbour as oneself; and keep God's commandments: this was the true worship; these were the true good works; and for this we had God's bidding. But of consecrated tapers, palms, masses for the dead, adoration of saints, and the like, nothing was found in Scripture, and God had forbidden such offices. Like as He had instituted the holy sacrament as a pledge and sign of the forgiveness of our sins; not that we should set it in gold and

silver, and carry it round the churchyards or other places.'

Space forbids us to describe further the wise regulations of Gustavus, or the difficulties he encountered in furthering the cause of the Reformation in Sweden. Few kings have done so much for their native land. He died on the 29th September 1560. His last utterance was a confession of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

His nephew thus writes of him: 'God had endowed him above his fellows with great ability, high understanding, and many princely virtues, so that he was well worthy to bear the kingly sceptre and the crown.'

ERIC AND JOHN.

ERIC AND JOHN.

THE UNHAPPY BROTHERS.

'O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will;
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
. . . But O what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence!'

SHAKESPEARE.

THE two elder sons of Gustavus Vasa caused much grief to their father. His secretary relates that, on account of their conduct, the king 'was troubled in heart so sorely, that when he spoke of his sons the words forced tears from his eyes.'

Eric succeeded his father in 1560. He was

an accomplished prince, but eccentric and capricious. This is accounted for by some by a saying that was current, that mental disease was hereditary in the house of Vasa; and many of Eric's actions seemed to denote insanity. A historian of Sweden says, that 'the prince inherited the wayward caprice of his mother, as well as the vehemence which marked the temper of his father,—qualities which took so alarming a shape as to obscure eminent natural abilities and cultivated education.' A wayward, capricious, deceitful, or evil mother, is the worst misfortune that can befall a son.

Eric began his reign well, and at first appeared as if he were about to follow the example of his noble father. But, before long, his capricious temper began to show itself. His eccentricity was first displayed in the proposals of marriage he made to several princesses at the same time. First among these was the English Queen Elizabeth, to whom he sent a present of eighteen piebald horses, with several chests of uncoined gold and silver. In the month of September 1561, the English court was thrown into the greatest perplexity by the intelligence that Eric had set out upon his journey to England. For this journey he

ordered a hundred suits of the costliest raiment to be prepared. He embarked at Elfsborg, accompanied by two of his brothers, but was compelled by a storm to put back; and he never again resumed the voyage. He ordered his ambassador Gyllenstierna to bribe the English consul with money, to further his marriage with Elizabeth; and almost at the same time he sent Peter Brahe to solicit the hand of Mary, Queen of Scotland. He also sent ambassadors to negotiate for his marriage with a French princess, and then with a German princess. His insanity showed itself in his fear of poison. He ordered the ambassadors to employ all precautions, lest poison should be administered to the princess of his choice.

His preparations for his coronation were of the strangest description. From Antwerp and London, besides sumptuous robes, arms, vessels, ornaments, caskets full of pearls, jewels, and trinkets, he desired his servants to buy 'various rare animals for the spectacle, lions, ure-oxen, camels, two hundred rabbits, and whatever else could be thought still strange in Sweden.' His disordered fancy was displayed in devising badges for his troops. 'To this purpose we find him requiring linen, red, green, and yellow,

as well as red-coloured goose feathers, as many squirrel and fox-tails as can be procured, and many thousand tree-cones from Finland, which are expressly mentioned as having been intended for field tokens.'

It would have been well if his eccentricity had been limited to such harmless follies as these, but serious evils resulted from his insane temper. He stabbed his secretary, Martin Helsing, with a fire-prong, so that he died. The noblest in the land were put to death upon the slightest pretext, often for the king's mad fancies. Wolmar Wykman, clerk of the Treasury, was condemned to death because he had said that the king drew up such instructions as it was impossible for any one to execute.

Nicholas Sturé, a distinguished officer, for an imaginary plot was, by the orders of the king, set on a wretched nag, and, with a straw wreath smeared with tar on his head, was led through the streets of Stockholm, amid shouts of 'See here a traitor to the State.' The soldiers loudly expressed their discontent with this, and in a fit of remorse the king sent him his pardon, forbade on pain of death all further mention of what had happened, and despatched him in haste abroad as envoy to solicit for

the king the hand of the princess Renata of Lorraine.

The king's hatred to Nicholas Sturé was owing to an astrological whim. Eric fancied that he had read in the stars that a man with light hair would deprive him of the crown. He applied this sign both to his brother John and Nicholas Sturé. He lived in perpetual alarm, augmented his body-guard, and kept spies in the houses of his subjects. Reports of examinations by torture and nightly executions spread terror among the people. The mother of Nicholas Sturé, who had gone to Stockholm to bid adieu to her son, was arrested. When her husband, old Suanto Sturé, heard that his wife had been arrested, he immediately went to Stockholm, and although he had been one of Gustavus Vasa's most faithful followers, he was also imprisoned.

On the 21st of May, Nicholas Sturé returned to Sweden, bringing the princess Renata's acceptance of the proposals of Eric, accompanied by the gift of a ring and the portrait of the princess. Instead of receiving thanks for the success of his embassy, he was immediately thrown into prison.

At noon on the 24th of May, the unstable

king asked the forgiveness of Suanto Sturé and promised him his freedom. In the evening of the same day, after a walk with Peter Carlson, ordinary of Calmar, Eric was seen returning to the castle in a state of great excitement. He had been told that his brother John had escaped and revolted against him, whereas, on the contrary, John was still a prisoner. He rushed with a drawn dagger in his hand into the prison-chamber of Nicholas Sturé, and stabbed him in the arm; the murder was completed by his guardsman Peter Welamson, nephew of George Person, the chief of the king's spies. Scarcely had the wicked deed been done, when the door of the unhappy father's dungeon was thrown open, and Suanto Sturé saw the king fall at his feet exclaiming:

'For God's sake, pardon me the evil which I have done to you!'

'All of it,' answered the old man; 'but if aught be practised against my son's life, that shall you answer to me before God.'

'See now,' the king exclaimed, '*that* will you never forgive to me; therefore must the same lot be yours;' and he ran forth in frenzy on the road to Flotsund, accompanied only by some guardsmen. One of these soon returned with

an order that all the prisoners in the castle except Lord Steno should be put to death. There were two of the prisoners who bore the name of Steno, and as the provost was uncertain which of the two the king meant to save, the lives of both were spared. Old Suanto Sturé, his second son Eric, and two other noblemen were murdered.

Meantime the frenzied Eric had fled to the woods. 'Dionysius Beurreus (formerly Eric's tutor), the first who overtook him, was cut down at the command of the frantic prince by Peter Welamson, who, with some guardsmen, still followed him.' He soon made his escape from them, and wandered up and down they knew not where. No one could tell how he existed during that period.

On the third day after the murders, Eric came in a peasant's dress to a hamlet in the parish of Odensal, where he was recognised; and at the tidings, many of his former attendants again gathered round him. He called out that he was not king, that like Nero he had slain his tutors, and that Nicholas Sturé was administrator. No one was able to induce him to eat anything or to sleep, till a woman who had some influence over him persuaded him to take some

refreshment, on which he became more tranquil, and permitted himself to be reconducted to Upsala. This woman he afterwards married.

This outbreak of madness continued for some months, although in a milder form. He himself spoke of this period as 'his time of infirmity.'[1]

His recovery was marked by a 'confession of his deep remorse, a declaration of the innocence of the murdered lords, the distribution of great sums of money to their relatives, and presents to the members of the estates, and the delivery to justice of George Person the spy. Among other things he ordered half a ton of salt to be given to each member of the Diet.' It is very surprising that even during the period when the king's mind was disordered, he was occasionally able to write letters upon business in his usual style. His historian says: 'It belongs to the deep mystery of madness that it may be conjoined not only with a certain clearness, but even with acuteness, cunning, and great power of dissimulation.'

On the 12th of August 1567, Eric was residing in the palace of Swartsiœ, situated on a small island in the beautiful Lake Mäler. He was there visited by his youngest brother

[1] See note at end, p. 223.

Charles, and Duke Magnus of Saxony. They brought a letter from Duke John to his brother Eric, requesting a personal interview with him. Eric, whose mind was then distempered, at times fancied that John already really reigned, and he did not dare to refuse the request; but his anguish was heightened the more nearly the moment approached for John's visit. When the brothers at length actually met at Ventholm on the 8th of October, Eric threw himself at John's feet and saluted him as king.

The madness of the unfortunate Eric soon afterwards broke out in such an aggravated form, that he was deposed by the assembled estates of Sweden, and imprisoned. He was adjudged to be kept in perpetual yet princely imprisonment. This was justifiable, to prevent him from doing further mischief; but the cruelty with which he was treated was disgraceful. Duke John allowed his hatred free course against him, whom he styled 'his brother and bitterest foe.'

During his imprisonment, Eric seems to have been subject to occasional outbursts of frenzy, alternating with times of tranquillity and sanity. During the periods when he was sane, he complained bitterly of the treatment he endured.

In a letter to John, dated the 1st of March 1569, he tells how inhumanly he was tortured with hunger, cold, stench, and darkness, stroke and blow; he could not believe that it was done with his brother's knowledge; he conjured him to grant release from his misery; he would submit to banishment. He said, 'The world was large enough to allow fraternal hate to be stilled by distance from place and land.' During the intervals of his frenzy, poor Eric amused himself with reading, music, and writing, when he was permitted to do so. He wrote long treatises, in his own defence, on the margin of books with coal-water instead of ink.

Eric was kept for two years in close captivity, in the castle of Gripsholm, which has been already mentioned in this story. It was visited in 1845 by Madame Ida Pfeiffer. She says: 'The castle of Gripsholm is equally remarkable for its size and architecture, and, above all, for its colossal projecting towers. The walls of this ancient building are extraordinarily massive; those of the lower stories are nearly three yards in thickness. The upper rooms are large and high; and most of the windows command a very fine view of the sea. With a sigh we turned from these lovely pictures, and reverted to the

sad events which had taken place in this castle.'

Eric 'was confined in a small dark room in one of the towers, with grated windows and a heavy oak door, through an opening in which he daily received his meals; for greater security, there was also an iron door beyond. The room was surrounded by a narrow gallery, where guards kept watch over the king by day and by night. The unhappy prisoner is said to have stood for hours at a time at one of the little windows, with his head resting on his hands, gazing at the beautiful scene without. What must have been his feelings, when he looked upon the bright heavens, the smooth green turf, and the glistening lake? How many of his sighs must have mingled with the breath of heaven; how many sleepless nights; how many days of anxious solicitude for the future did he wear away during the two long years he spent in this narrow room!'

Eric was removed in June 1573 from Gripsholm to the Castle of Westeras, and thence, in the autumn of 1574, to the Castle of Orby, in Upland. John himself wrote directions respecting the secure custody of his brother at Orby: he ordered gratings before the windows, the

erection of a high paling round the wall of the castle court, breastworks, the mounting of cannon, etc. The two prison chambers, in which the unfortunate Eric was confined, received a scanty light through small windows, in walls eight feet thick. In this prison Eric was put to death, by his brother John's orders. This wicked deed was 'entrusted to John Henryson, the king's clerk, who brought with him a poison prepared by one of the royal chamberlains, and Philip Kern, a surgeon of the army. Eric received it, mixed with pea-soup, and died of it at two o'clock in the morning of the 27th February 1577, in the forty-fourth year of his age, and the ninth of his imprisonment.' In the interior of the prison where Eric's murder was perpetrated, there is an inscription, on a marble tablet, ending with these words: '*Propter facinora rege indigna, indigne sublatus est consultu clandestino senatus et episcoporum Suetiæ*' (On account of misdeeds unworthy of a king, he was taken away in an unworthy manner by a secret decree of the senate and bishops of Sweden). This inscription was probably meant to save John's reputation, by putting part of the blame of the murder upon the senate and bishops. The excuse made for the murder is utterly false;

as it might be proper that the frenzied Eric should be so confined as to prevent him from doing mischief, but it was wholly unnecessary to put him to death.

A few days after Eric's death, 'John wrote to his brother Charles, attributing the tragical event to natural causes, and enclosing documentary proof. Charles scarcely disguised his contempt and incredulity. "Although, for our part," he said, "we doubt not that our brother was taken off by a true natural death, yet, we fear many, both at home and abroad, will have a different opinion. Wherefore, to our thinking, it would have been better for your Majesty's, for ours, and for many others' good name, that esteemed men of the council or others had, at the time our brother became so weak, been sent to Orby to see his state, and to be present at his dissolution. But since it has so happened, that opinion must have its course." The king was buried at Westeras with a meanness that provoked Charles' indignation.'

John had married Catherine Jagellonica, sister of Sigismund, king of Poland, and she was a Romanist. She was, however, a faithful wife to John, and refused to leave him, even when he was imprisoned by Eric. She was offered a

royal castle and a princely maintenance if she would part from her husband. Instead of answering, she pointed to her wedding ring, with its Latin inscription, 'Nought but death,' and followed her husband into his appointed prison at Gripsholm.

The imprisonment of John during Eric's reign was far less rigorous than that which he afterwards caused the unhappy Eric to endure. John was allowed the use of a large and handsome room, and enjoyed the society of his wife, who occupied two small apartments near his own. She was a voluntary captive, and was at liberty to leave the castle whenever she chose.

Her fidelity to her husband during the loneliness of his captivity, naturally gave her great influence over him, which she used to convert him to the Church of Rome. Her task was made the more easy, by John's remorse respecting the death of Eric. The guilt of it lay heavy on the conscience of the miserable brother, so secretly busy, so deeply implicated in the perpetration of the unnatural deed. He longed for the peace of God, and the comfortable assurance of the blotting out of his transgressions. But where was he to obtain this assurance? His wife assured him that he could

only obtain peace of mind by receiving absolution from a Romish priest. Thus, as the stings of conscience became more intolerable to John, the desire of the promised relief, by submission to Rome, became more intense.

To get rid of the stings of guilt and remorse, it was not necessary to forsake evil, or to confess it publicly, or to divest oneself of ill-gotten gains. A private confession to a priest, under the seal of secrecy, his absolution pronounced, and the sinner believes that all is forgiven and forgotten, and that his sins are pardoned.

Allured by this easy mode of pardon, and incited by his queen, John became a Romanist. 'The Queen of Sweden,' writes Cardinal Stanislaus Hosius from Rome, 'is here extolled to heaven on account of her care for the eternal salvation of her husband. He has already intimated his wish that some learned and pious Jesuits may be despatched to him.' The Jesuit Anthony Possevin was, under the name of Imperial Legate, sent to Sweden, in order to work on the king's convictions. John was secretly reconciled by him to the Romish Church; but the Pope permitted that, in the meantime, the king might without sin participate in the worship of the heretics, until by

and by the Romanist creed should become dominant in the land.

The perversion of the king having been effected, the next object of the Papists was to pervert the kingdom. For this purpose it was resolved at Rome to begin by slow degrees. Rites and ceremonies were to be restored one by one, so as least to excite the suspicion of the people. 'Two Jesuits from Louvain, Florentius Feyt and Laurentius Norvegus (the latter was usually called in Sweden cloister-Laurence), came to Stockholm, and gave themselves out for evangelical preachers. From the labours of the latter especially the cardinal expects much, because he, as a Norwegian, could easily make himself understood.' 'Seek before all,' he writes to John Herbest, the queen's court-chaplain, 'that he may obtain a church wherein to preach. Let him avoid offence; let him extol faith to heaven, and depreciate works without faith; preaching Christ as the only Mediator, and His cross as the only means of salvation; thereupon let him show that nothing else has been preached in the papacy.' The same cardinal accounts all methods against heretics to be lawful. When Henry of Valois, in the year 1573, was elected king of Poland,

the cardinal advised that the Protestants there abiding should be fed with hopes until after the coronation; but if the king had even promised them on oath the freedom of their religion, he was not bound to its observance.

Romanist books were copiously but clandestinely imported into the kingdom. An office of prayer for the dead, in a form that implied the doctrine of purgatory, was introduced. It was, however, ordered that the priests should for the present read inaudibly the invocations to saints, and prayers, in the Romanist mass.

According to the account of the Jesuits themselves, 'they concealed their real persuasion, by the royal command; and in Stockholm they were received as good Lutherans. They inspired respect by their learning,—caused themselves to be presented by the priests as teachers in the new college, which the king had just founded in Stockholm, and were even admitted thereinto. All the ministers of Stockholm were enjoined to attend their prelections. In these they appealed to the writings of the Reformers, but so as to seek from their contents arguments against them. The king caused them to hold public disputations, in which he took part himself, and inveighed vehemently against the Pope,

but allowed himself to be confuted. Meanwhile, numerous conversions were secretly made.'

In 1583 the queen died, and John's zeal for Romanism immediately cooled. He married another wife; and not long after, he seceded from Rome, and even persecuted the Romanists. But he could not undo the mischief he had done.

In the beginning of 1592 John's health began to fail. The disease—a slight attack of paralysis—was attributed by some to the use of a favourite wine which had been sent him as a present, and from which he could not be induced to abstain. He continued to waste away, and died on the 17th of November 1592, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.

His son Sigismund, who had been chosen king of Poland, succeeded him. But he had been brought up in the faith of his Romish mother; and this was distasteful to the Swedes. After a time of confusion and misrule, the Estates of Sweden offered the crown to Charles, the youngest and best of the sons of Gustavus Vasa. He was very young at the death of his mother, and perhaps was less affected by her influences than his brothers. He carried out the Reformation in Sweden, which his father

had commenced. By natural endowment, he was almost the sole heir of Gustavus Vasa's vast capacity and gigantic strength of mind. 'A vigilant ruler and an enlightened statesman, he knew how to control the proverbial impetuosity of the Vasa blood, when the occasion called for coolness and patience. Amid the anxieties and disturbances of a troubled reign, he found time to encourage the learning and industry and to ameliorate the legal institutions of his kingdom. By a liberal policy, he attracted to its shores the wealth of foreign merchants and the ingenuity of foreign artisans, and allowed (with the exception of wines and spirits, which paid an import duty) the free importation of the goods of all nations, with the declared object of supplying his subjects with food in greater abundance, and with foreign merchandise upon better terms.

The tomb of Gustavus Vasa and two of his three wives is to be seen in the Lady Chapel at Upsala, 'which has been recently decorated,' says Murray, 'with much skill and good taste. The leading events of Gustavus Vasa's life are there illustrated in seven compartments, by the Professor Landberg, in fresco. Commencing

from the north side, the first compartment represents the Triumphal Entry of Gustavus into Stockholm; second, the Battle between the Danes and Dalecarlians; third, Gustavus before the Town Council of Lubeck; fourth, in Disguise, as a Dalecarlian Peasant; fifth, his Harangue to the Peasants; sixth, Presentation of the Bible to him; and seventh, his Address from the Throne to his Last Parliament.

'Several other Swedish kings are also buried in this cathedral. The tomb of John III. and his queen is interesting. It was made in Italy, and wrecked near Dantzic, on its way to Sweden. Nearly sixty years after, it was fished up and placed here. The statue of John formerly held a sceptre in its hand. An anecdote is related of Gustavus Adolphus, who, upon seeing the statue, wrenched the sceptre from its hand, saying, "When alive, you wrested the sceptre from your brother Eric, I now take it from you and restore it to him." He then caused it to be placed upon Eric's tomb at Westeras, where it now is.'

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

I.

THE PIOUS HERO KING.

'Let laurels, drenched in pure Parnassian dews,
Reward his memory, dear to every muse,
Who, with a courage of unshaken root,
In honour's field advancing his firm foot,
Plants it upon the line that justice draws,
And will prevail, or perish in her cause:
'Tis to the virtues of such men man owes
His portion in the good that Heaven bestows.'

COWPER.

KING Gustavus Adolphus was born in the castle of Stockholm, on the 9th of December 1594. His father, Charles IX., was a strict ruler and a martial prince. His mother, Christina, was the daughter of Adolphus, Duke of Sleswig-Holstein, and granddaughter of King Frederick I.

of Denmark; on her mother's side she was of the family of the Landgrave of Hesse. A well-known historian of Sweden thus speaks of the parents of Gustavus: 'As his lord father was a strict ruler and a martial prince, his lady mother was fair in form and stature, lofty in spirit and heart, so he was reared severely, and held to labour, virtue, and manhood.'

In the court of Charles simplicity and frugality reigned. The royal Christina herself measured out tape and thread to her maidens. From the ladies of her household she exacted daily their prescribed task of spinning and weaving. This was then brought into the treasury of the Crown, and an account kept thereof. The sumptuary laws of the palace required the household to make spare of meat, and to eat their herrings unboned. Under such a mother Gustavus was carefully but hardily nurtured and educated, with the strictness of discipline which the king and queen imposed upon every one under their control.

The tutors appointed for Gustavus were carefully chosen by the king, who also drew up with his own hand, from time to time, a few plain rules for the guidance of his son. At twelve years of age Gustavus spoke with fluency Ger-

man, Dutch, French, Italian, and Latin, understood Spanish and English tolerably, and a little Polish and Russian. From his tenth year he was more and more permitted by his father to be present at the deliberations of the council and the audiences to embassies, and he was taught to answer the ambassadors as soon as he was able to do so.

'One of Sweden's most popular poets,' writes Mr. Chapman, 'has eloquently described the natural tendency of its scenery and climate to develope a robust frame and a manly character. Gustavus was of a constitution and a disposition to experience the full force of such tendencies. He grew tall and strong under the pure, cold, and exhilarating atmosphere to which he was continually exposed. Amid the starry nights and dark forests of his fatherland he nursed the seriousness which was a part of his nature, and indulged such glorious dreams of ambition as are vouchsafed only to noble minds. His father soon learnt to regard him as the heir of his most cherished enterprises; and often, referring to some favourite scheme still unaccomplished, and looking to him for its fulfilment, he would pat the boy's head, and say to the bystanders, "*He* will do it."'

Anticipating a war with Denmark, the father of Gustavus Adolphus endeavoured to strengthen himself by a family alliance with James I. of England. 'In 1609 mutual civilities had passed between the two monarchs. Charles sent James some falcons; James sent him back a book against the Papacy, written by himself, wherewith Charles declared himself greatly delighted, adding, that "it was calculated to stir up the zeal of all Christian princes; and that all who were anxious for their souls could not fail to derive from it much edification."'

In the following year Charles sent instructions to his ambassadors in England to propose a marriage between the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and Gustavus Adolphus. This proposal was unfortunately declined. The noble and high-spirited Elizabeth, enthusiastic as she was in the Protestant cause, would have been a fitting bride for the hero king.

From a very early age Gustavus appears to have been under the influence of true religion. Even as a child, he never did anything of importance without prayer to God; and this excellent practice he continued when he became a man. In later years, amid the bustle of the camp, he used to say, 'I try to keep away the

temptations of the devil by keeping near to the word of God.' One of his biographers says: 'He often retired, and remained for hours alone in secret devotion, and would not suffer himself to be disturbed. On one such occasion a messenger arrived at the camp with news of importance: the business would not admit of any delay; and on entering the tent the messenger found the king bathed in tears, and on his knees before an open Bible. The intruder was about to retire, when the king, rising slowly from his knees, bade him remain. "You may perhaps think it strange," he said, "to see me thus occupied, when I have so many to pray for me; but no one has so much need of prayer as the man who is responsible to God alone for his conduct. When I first seek counsel of God, and obtain the divine approbation, I may then venture fearlessly to carry out my plans."'

Gustavus Adolphus was but in the first month of his eighteenth year when he was called to the throne, on the 26th of December 1611. The prayer of Gustavus at this time was the same as that of Solomon: 'And now, O Lord my God, Thou hast made Thy servant king instead of my father, and I am but a little

child. Give, therefore, Thy servant an understanding heart to judge Thy people.'

Hardly ever did a sovereign receive his dominions in a more exhausted condition. The kingdom had been torn by civil war, and the treasury exhausted by the mad conduct of Eric and John. 'Charles bequeathed to his son,' says a Swedish historian, 'a blood-besprinkled throne, and war with all his neighbours.' The wise measures of Gustavus Adolphus prospered both in peace and war. He trusted in God in all that he undertook. His biographer says that 'he was peculiarly happy in his choice of councillors. When a post was vacant, he adopted a plan which has often been found very efficacious in such circumstances, and which is yet somehow not very popular. He went into his chamber, shut the door behind him, and prayed to his Father in secret, expecting an answer. Very seldom indeed was he disappointed.

'Foremost on his list of councillors was Oxenstierna, or Oxenstiern, who held the office of high chancellor. He presided at the council in which Gustavus Adolphus was proclaimed king, and on the decease of his sovereign, at the Battle of Lützen, he carried on the war. Of

a singularly dignified and placid character, he truly trusted in God, and is said to have practically learned the gospel precept contained in the text: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you" (1 Peter v. 7). Of God's ability and willingness to do so, he had so little doubt, that during a long career of the utmost activity the concerns of the nation only twice deprived him of a night's sound sleep. His advice was very influential in filling up posts of trust; and the principle which he adopted was to ascertain that the candidate for preferment was not only fitted for his work, but was also a man of piety. "He that worketh deceit shall not dwell within my house; he that telleth lies shall not tarry in my sight," or some other expression from the 101st Psalm, was, in the mouth of the king and his prime minister, an evidence that the term of service of some official was completed.'[1]

Oxenstierna's daily prayer, written by his own hand, is preserved in the Palensköld Collections:—'O Lord my God! I know and am fully certain of this, that Thou art my Creator, my Redeemer, my tower, the horn of my salvation, my mild and merciful Father, who

[1] *Sunday at Home.*

lettest not the sighing of my heart pass by His ear, but hearest me. This day and all time I commend me to Thy divine protection, with my house, my fatherland, and Thy holy Church in the wide world. May Thy good Spirit govern us; may Thy holy angels guard us. Give us what is well-pleasing to Thee and profitable for us, and turn from us what misliketh Thee or is hurtful for our body and soul. Graciously grant that Thy holy and saving word may be preached pure, clear, and undefiled to us and our posterity, and the holy sacraments after Thy institution be dispensed without abuse, and bring forth fruit in our hearts. Avert all false worship, heresy, and scandal, as also variance and discord in Thy holy congregation. Confer on us true preachers and teachers. Defend and protect them. Bless our churches and schools, and let Thy holy word shine in them, and our youth be educated in the fear of God.'

Gustavus was involved in war successively against Denmark, Russia, and Poland. He fought not from choice, but necessity to save his crown and kingdom, and concluded peace as soon as it was possible for him. An interesting account of his personal appearance is given by an envoy sent to him from the Netherlands.

He states that, when he was admitted to an audience with the king, 'his Majesty stood before the royal chair with uncovered head, clad in black embroidered satin, with a mantle of black silk, by reason of the mourning for his maternal uncle, the Duke of Holstein, who was lately dead; above his head was a canopy, on his right the regal emblems on a marble table with silver feet. The king was slender of body, well shaped, of pale complexion, and somewhat long in the face, with light hair, and a beard inclining to be brown; he was, as men said, full of courage against the enemy, not vindictive, but very kind-hearted, acute, vigilant, active, remarkably eloquent, and worthy of being loved in his converse with all men. From his youth, great things might be expected.'

At the death of Charles IX., a Russian embassy was sent to Stockholm to request a Swedish prince for their grand duke. Upon the news of the accession of Gustavus Adolphus to the throne of Sweden, the choice of the Russians fell upon Charles Philip, the younger brother of Gustavus. The proposal was disapproved by the queen-mother, who managed to defer the prince's journey to Russia until after the Russians had already elected as their czar

Michael Romanoff, the ancestor of Peter the Great.

In an interval between his campaigns, Gustavus sailed privately to Germany to see the Princess Maria Eleanora, who afterwards became his wife. The following is an account of the visit from the king's own journal :—' On Saturday we came to Berlin. The night before we lay in a village called Blisendorf, whence my brother-in-law (the Palsgrave John Casimir) went first to Potsdam; and there we received letters from the young Elector, and rode to Sellendorp, parting from the Palsgrave. A lodging was mentioned to us with Retzlou. When we came to it, he thought us English soldiers, and would not harbour us; so we went to another. At last we came to Arnheim's lodging, and there we were received.' (By Arnheim the king announced his arrival to the Electress, and his wish to speak with her.) 'Therefore, at nine o'clock on Sunday we went to the castle, where we arrived just at the commencement of the sermon. When I came into the antechamber, where pages and other persons sat, every one wondered who I was, and what I wanted. In the meantime the sermon proceeded. The text was of the rich man; the pro-

logue, how we in this world played a comedy, and how variously God, who ruleth all, distributeth the parts which we men shall here act in this world.' (Next the king gives the divisions of the sermon.) 'When the sermon was finished, those were sent out of the way who were not desired for spectators, and I was called in. My discourse to the Electress; her answer. Afterwards I was brought into the chamber of the Duchess of Courland, when we conversed of what had befallen on the journey. Meanwhile meal-time arrived, and I was invited to remain at the repast.'

Gustavus then, in the character of a Swedish captain, visited the Palatine court. He called himself Captain Gars—a name borrowed from the initials of his title, Gustavus Adolphus, Rex Sueciæ. During this tour Gustavus made observations of the utmost importance to him in his subsequent campaigns. After two months' absence he returned home; and Axel Oxenstierna was sent to bring home the king's bride. The marriage was celebrated on the 28th of November 1620, in the castle of Stockholm.

Shortly after his marriage Gustavus went to war with Russia, and afterwards with Poland. In the course of the latter war he took Livonia

and Courland from the Poles. Riga was taken on the 16th of September, and Gustavus Adolphus marched into it with his whole army. 'The mildness with which he treated the town was extolled both by friends and foes. The siege had lasted for six weeks, during which the king—who, to encourage the soldiers, was sometimes seen, spade in hand, along with his brother in the trenches—was several times in peril of his life. When choosing a site for his leaguer on the sandhill, a ball struck the very spot which he had quitted the moment before. During the siege several persons were shot down at his side; among them one Stackelberg, with whose blood the king's clothes were sprinkled. Another time a ball passed his head in his tent.'

The town was taken on Saturday; and on Sunday the king went to the church of St. Peter, to offer up a solemn thanksgiving for his success and preservation.

Gustavus complains during his campaigns of the bad arrangements for providing for the wants of his army. 'On this journey,' he says in a letter, 'have I seen more woe than ever, for so long as I have followed the war. Here I was obliged to throw the hungry men such crumbs as one does to the hens, so badly hath Magnus

Martenson (the commissary-general) arranged matters.' It was difficult for the king to preserve strict discipline in a famished army, especially as he was obliged to employ many mercenary soldiers from foreign countries, who were in too many cases accustomed to insubordination.

Among these foreign soldiers were many Scotchmen. An account of the expedition is given by Monro, in whose writings we have the style, and often the very words, of the renowned Dugald Dalgetty. Speaking of his cousin, Monro gives the reasons which often induced his countrymen to engage in foreign service. He says: 'My chief and cosen, the Baron of Fowles, being in his travels in France a little prodigal in his spending, redacted his estate to a weake point. Being advised by his friends timely to look to the wounds of his house and family, having engaged his revenues forteene years to pay his creditors, he went beyond the sea, a volunteer to Germany.'

In an army composed of such different materials, the discipline established by Gustavus Adolphus was truly wonderful. Sir James Spence, writing from Prussia, and speaking of the king of Sweden, says: 'For the discipline

of his armies, the king hath hitherto been so exact in observing all his articles of war set down for that purpose, that to this day, where he cometh with his armies, or wheresoever his soldiers remain, there hath none of them been punished for any wrong done to the boors (country-people), neither complaint made: they live here as peaceably as if there were neither enemy nor war in the land. The carriage of his army makes him to be beloved of the enemy themselves.'

The articles of war, written in the king's own hand, commence with ordinances for maintaining and cultivating a spirit of religious reverence in the army. All acts of profaneness are punished with rigorous severity. Regulations are made for the daily celebration of divine service, for the observation of the Lord's day, etc. Moral rules and regulations, especially military, follow. No duels are permitted. In the capture of a town, the churches, hospitals, schools, and mills are not to be set on fire, without express orders. Unresisting old men, women, and children are to be exempt from injury. The soldiers of Gustavus were armed with pikes, muskets, and leather guns.

We pass shortly over many interesting inci-

dents of the campaigns of Gustavus against Poland and Russia, to proceed to describe some particulars of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, during which the siege of Magdeburg took place. A sketch of the causes of this war has been already given in the beginning of this book; and it is evident from the history and character of Gustavus, that he was the champion, above all others, to whom the persecuted Protestants would look as their leader. The Papists tried to deprive them of their freedom, and of the word of God; and, to use the words of a historian, 'multitudes buckled on their armour, drew their swords, or snatched up the first rude weapon that lay within their reach, to defend the altars which were dearer to them than home or country, and to fight for the cause which they verily believed to be the cause of God.'

The Swedish nation were proud of their king, and willing to agree to any suggestion of his. In the very height of his triumph Gustavus Adolphus was a man and a Christian; and, humble in prayer before the throne of God, he was a hero and a king in the sight of men. He bore every hardship during the war in common with the least among his soldiers. He was al-

ways to be found in the path of danger. He carried this self-devotion too far. Even a coward would have followed such a leader to victory. Yet there were differences of opinion about the manner in which the war should be carried on.

It was evident that war was inevitable. As soon as the Roman Catholics had subdued the Protestants of Germany, they would endeavour to exterminate the Protestants in Sweden. The question was, whether the war was to be one of attack or defence.

Even the courageous chancellor Oxenstierna was inclined to think it too rash to set in opposition the resources of his poor but conscientious king against the countless resources of a despot who treated all Germany as his own property. The timid scruples of the minister were overcome by the far-seeing wisdom of the hero.

'If we await the enemy in Sweden,' said Gustavus, 'all is lost if we lose even one battle; all is won if we can make a successful beginning of the war in Germany. The sea is wide, and we have extensive coasts to guard in Sweden. If the enemy's fleet were to escape us, or if our fleet were to be defeated, it would then be in vain to attempt to prevent a hostile landing on our shores. A great deal depends on the pre-

servation of Stralsund. As long as this harbour is open to us, we shall maintain our command of the Baltic, and keep up our intercourse with Germany; but in order to protect Stralsund we must not entrench ourselves in Sweden,—we must pass over with an army into Pomerania. Speak to me, then, no longer of a war of defence, by which we lose our greatest advantage. Sweden must never see a hostile banner on her shores; and if we are conquered in Germany, it is still time to follow your plan of defence.'

After this resolution taken by the king, preparations were quickly made for the passage of his army into Germany. Thirty ships of war, an army of fifteen thousand men, and two hundred transport ships were soon ready for action. Small as this army was, yet so excellent were its choice troops in discipline, in warlike courage and experience, that they might well be considered as the nucleus of the Protestant power in Germany. Oxenstierna, the chancellor, landed with ten thousand men in Prussia, to defend that country against the Poles. A few bodies of regular troops, and some of the militia, remained in Sweden to defend the kingdom, and to drill the new recruits.

II.

THE LION OF THE NORTH.

'Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe;
Glorious in war, but, for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway;
But they that fight for freedom undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake:
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing,—freedom is the pledge of all.'

COWPER.

ON the 20th of May 1630, after all preparations had been made, and all was in readiness for his departure, the king summoned an assembly of the States at Stockholm, to bid them a solemn farewell. He took with him his daughter Christina, then only four years old, and who in her cradle had been appointed his successor. He

held her up in his arms before the assembly, and asked them to renew their oath of fidelity to her, in case he should never return to Sweden. He appointed the persons whom he wished to act as regents during his absence, or during the minority of his daughter. The whole assembly burst into tears at the thought of losing their much beloved sovereign; and it was some minutes before the king himself was sufficiently composed to make his farewell speech.

'Not wilfully or thoughtlessly,' said he, 'do I plunge myself and you into this new and perilous war. The Almighty God is my witness that I do not fight willingly. The emperor has offended me in the person of my ambassador, he has supported my enemies, he persecutes my friends and brethren, he treads my religion into the dust, and he stretches forth his hand to seize my crown. The oppressed States of Germany urgently plead for our help; and if it is God's will, we shall give it to them.

'I know the dangers to which my own life will be exposed. I have never tried to avoid them, and it is not likely that I shall always escape. Until now, the Almighty has wonderfully protected me, but I believe that I shall at last die in the defence of my fatherland. I

commend you to the protection of Heaven. Be just, be conscientious, walk uprightly, and so we shall meet again in our eternal home.

'In the first place, I address you, my council. I pray that God may enlighten you and fill you with wisdom, so that you may rule my kingdom in the best manner. I commend you, my valiant nobility, to the Divine protection. Continue to act as the worthy successors of the heroic Goths, whose valour cast ancient Rome into the dust. To you, the servants of the Church, I recommend forbearance and unity: I entreat you to be always examples of the virtues which you preach, and I trust that you will never misuse your influence over the hearts of my people. To you, the deputies of the burghs and of the agricultural interests, I earnestly wish a blessing from Heaven: I pray that your industry may have a joyful harvest, that your barns may be full, that your treasures may increase. For all my subjects, absent or present, I offer up sincere prayers to Heaven. I bid you all an affectionate farewell. Perhaps it may be for ever!'

Before Gustavus sailed, he appointed the first Friday of every month as a national fast, and made provision for protecting the coast from

invasion. The troops were embarked at Elfsnabben, and a numerous crowd waited to see them depart. The fleet was detained by adverse winds, and it was not until the 25th of June 1630 that they reached the island of Rugen, on the coast of Pomerania—an island about twenty-three miles in length and fifteen in breadth.

Just as they were landing, a thunder-storm burst over them, and the terrific peals rung round and round the heavens, while for a long time not a drop of rain fell. Awfully majestic was the scene. The king was among the first to reach the shore, and, kneeling down on the beach, he uncovered his head and prayed: 'Lord God Almighty! Thou rulest over sea and land. The wind and waves obey Thy command. Storms and tempests go before Thee. I adore and praise Thee that Thou hast brought us safely to land. O Searcher of hearts! Thou knowest that I have not undertaken this work for my own honour, but for Thy glory. I entreat Thee, therefore, good Lord, to give me grace and strength to do Thy work till the appointed time arrive that I may enter into Thy rest!' The thunder and the booming cannon answered, as it were, with a deep and long Amen![1]

[1] *Sunday at Home.*

The Swedish troops landed also in the island of Usedom, and in the island of Wollin. The landing was effected in flat-bottomed boats, each carrying a hundred men and two field-pieces. Among the troops of Gustavus there were three Scotch regiments. Leslie, a Scotchman, had already prepared the way for them by occupying Stralsund.

Gustavus Adolphus had thus secured the mouths of the Oder, and his cannon were pointed at Stettin. He then required the Duke of Pomerania to receive a Swedish garrison. Bogislaus, Duke of Pomerania, was a weak old man, and was now unexpectedly required to decide the fate of his country.

'I come to you as a friend, and not as an enemy,' said Gustavus. 'I am not at war with Pomerania—I am not at war with the German Empire; I am at war only with their enemies, who would oppress them. If you give me power in this dukedom, I shall consider it a sacred trust, and shall return it to you in safety at the end of the war. Your duchy will be far less injured by my troops than it would be by the troops of the Imperialists. Look at the traces of the Imperial army in Germany, and look at mine, wherever I have been. See how I have spared,

while they have revenged, and then choose between us. Choose whether the emperor or I shall be your friend. What do you expect if the Imperialist troops make themselves masters of your capital? Will they deal with you more mercifully than I will? The matter is pressing. Make your decision; and do not oblige me to have recourse to more violent measures.'

The alternative was a painful one for the Duke of Pomerania. On the one side was the king of Sweden, with his powerful army, at the very gates of his capital city; on the other side, he thought of the inexorable revenge of the emperor, and of the terrible example of many German princes, who had been deprived of their dominions, and were wandering about in misery, victims of the emperor's rage. His resolution was decided by the most pressing danger. The gates of Stettin were opened to King Gustavus. The Swedish troops marched in, and the few Imperialists within the walls were driven out. The occupation of Stettin won for Gustavus Adolphus a firm footing in the German land. He gained an important ally, who covered his rear, and kept open his communication with Sweden. This, after Stralsund, was his second step in Germany.

We pass over many of the victories of Gustavus, and quote only a few words from a letter written to his chancellor:—'God, who has all things under His control, preserve us through the winter, in which case I promise myself, through your diligence, a summer less distressing. I pray that Supreme Being who has given us prosperity, though mingled with labour and sorrow, to prosper our just cause, and give it a happy end,—to the glory of His holy name, to the repose of His Church, and to our happiness both in this world and in the next. I would fain describe to you our condition; but my hand, which has become stiff from my wounds at Dirschau, will scarcely allow it. Understand, however, that the enemy, although weak both in infantry and cavalry, has great advantages as to quarters, the whole of Germany being open to him to prey upon. I am gathering my troops here on the Oder, and intend soon to exchange blows and quarters with the enemy. But though our cause is good and righteous, the issue, on account of our sins, is uncertain: uncertain, too, is human life. Therefore I forewarn you, if all things go not well, not to lose courage. Rather let my memory, and the welfare of those who are mine, commend

themselves to your zealous care. Do for them what I will do for you and yours, if God preserve me so long that you need my aid in like manner, —considering me as one who for twenty years, with much labour—but, God be praised, with much honour too—has protected his country; one, moreover, who has loved and honoured that country and all its true inhabitants, and, to maintain their glory, has made light of wealth and life and good days; one, finally, who in this world has sought no other treasure, than to discharge the duties of his station to the uttermost. With life and soul, and all that I have received from God, I commit to His holy power, assuredly hoping the best in this life, and, after this life, peace, joy, and salvation. And this, in His own good time, I desire also for you.'

The king advanced along the River Oder into Brandenburg. 'We broke up from Stettin, taking our march towards New Brandenburg, the earth clad over with a great storm of snow, being hard frost. We carried along great cannons of battery and a number of small cannon, being well provided with all things belonging to artillery; our little army consisting then of 8000 horse and foot, having left the

rest of the army under command of the Field-Marshal Horn, before Landsberg in the Mark.'

One strong place after another fell into the hands of Gustavus. 'Such a general,' says the Scotchman Monro, then in the service of Gustavus Adolphus, 'would I gladly serve; but such a general I shall hardly see,—whose custom was to be the first and last in danger himself, gaining his officers' love, in being the companion both of their labours and dangers. For he knew well how his soldiers should be taught to behave themselves, according to the circumstances both of time and place; and being careful of their credits, he would not suffer their weakness or defects to be discerned, being ready to foresee all things which did belong to the health of his soldiers, and his own credit. He knew also the devices and engines of his enemy, their counsel, their armies, their art, their discipline; as also the nature and situation of the places they commanded, so that he could not be neglectful in anything belonging to his charge. He never doubted to put in execution what he once commanded, and no alteration was to be found in his orders; neither did he like well of an officer that was not as capable to understand his directions as he was ready in giving

them. Nevertheless, he would not suffer an officer to part from him till he found he was understood by the receiver of the order. Of difficulties he made little account. He placed under arrest an officer who, during the improvement of the fortifications of Stettin, wished to excuse his non-performance of duty on the plea that the ground was frozen, remarking, that "in matters which the necessity of the war requires, there is no excuse."'

The king exposed himself to the greatest danger. At the siege of Demmin, Gustavus, with his spy-glass in his hand, 'fell up to his waist in a marsh, the ice breaking under him. The Scottish captain Dumaine, who had the nearest guard, would have hastened to his aid, but the king beckoned to him with his hat to keep still, in order not to draw the enemy's attention towards him, who meanwhile directed a sharp fire upon the point. Under a shower of balls, which luckily did not injure him, the king extricated himself, and took a seat by the officer's watch-fire, who took the liberty of finding fault with him for so needlessly exposing his life. The king heard him patiently, and admitted his error; but he could not help it, he said, his disposition being such, that he

thought nothing well done which he did not himself. He presently took a heavy dinner and a large draught of wine in his cold tent, then proceeded to change his clothes; and so went again among his troops.'

'My way leads to Magdeburg!' said the Protestant king. This Imperial city, with its diocese, was to be in North Germany the first great victim of the emperor's edict of restitution, which restored to the Papist Church all that it had lost for seventy years from the religious peace of Augsburg. The Imperial general Tilly, with his Papist army, threatened Magdeburg. Gustavus in vain attempted to reach it in time to relieve the sufferers. He sent a Swedish commander, named Falkenberg, to aid the citizens in their resistance.

Falkenberg disputed the outworks as long as he could with the enemy, where before the redoubts they lost numbers of men. He had little more than two thousand soldiers, and the besieging army was estimated at twenty-four thousand men. Falkenberg was offered quarter, but would not accept it any more than his soldiers; for the enemy's principal condition is said to have been, that they should become Papists.

The assault on Magdeburg was made at daybreak, at an hour when the garrison were most likely to be off their guard, and at a time when it was believed that Tilly was about to break up the siege. The following is the account of a minister in Magdeburg, who was present at the siege. He says :—'Going out of church immediately after sermon, some people of St. James' parish passed by, and told me the enemy had entered the town. With difficulty could I persuade myself that this was anything more than a false alarm ; but the news unfortunately proved too true. I then lost my presence of mind; and as my wife and maid-servant were with me, we ran directly to my colleague M. Malsio's house, and left our own house open. At M. Malsio's we found many people, who had fled to him in great perplexity. We comforted and exhorted each other, as far as the terror of our minds would give us leave.

'I was summoned thence to discharge the last duties to a colonel, who lay dangerously wounded. I resolved to go, and sent my maid to fetch my gown; but before my departure from my wife and neighbours, I told them that the affair appeared to me to be concluded, and that we should meet no more in this world.

'My wife reproached me in a flood of tears, crying, "Can you prevail on yourself to leave me to perish all alone? You must answer for it before God!"

'I represented to her the obligations of my function, and the importance of the moment I was called upon to give my assistance in.

'As I crossed the great street, a multitude of matrons and young women flocked about me, and besought me, in all the agonies of distress, to advise them what to do. I told them my best advice was to recommend themselves to God's protecting grace, and prepare for death.

'At length I entered the colonel's lodging, and found him stretched on the floor, and very weak. I gave him such consolation as the disorder of my mind would permit me: he heard me with great attention, and ordered a small present of gold to be given to me, which I left on the table.

'In this interval the enemy poured in by crowds at the Hamburg gate, and fired on the multitude as upon beasts of prey. Suddenly my wife and maid-servant entered the room, and persuaded me to remove immediately, alleging we should meet with no quarter if the

enemy found us in an apartment filled with arms.

'We ran down into the courtyard of the house, and placed ourselves in the gateway. Our enemies soon burst the gate open, with an eagerness that cannot be described. The first address they made to me was: "Priest, deliver thy money!"

'I gave them about four and twenty shillings in a little box, which they accepted with good-will; but when they opened the box and found only silver, they raised their tone, and demanded gold. I represented to them that I was at some distance from my house, and could not at present possibly give them more. They were reasonable enough to be contented with my answer, and left us, after having plundered the house, without offering us any insult.

'There was a well-looking youth among the crowd, to whom my wife addressed herself, and besought him in God's name to protect us. "My dear child," said he, "it is a thing impossible; we must pursue our enemies;" and so they retired.

'In that moment another party of soldiers rushed in, who demanded also our money. We contented them with seven shillings and a

couple of silver spoons, which the maid fortunately had concealed in her pocket.

'They were scarce gone before a soldier entered alone with the most furious countenance I ever saw: each cheek was puffed out with a musket-ball, and he carried two muskets on his shoulder. The moment he perceived me he cried with a voice of thunder: "Priest, give me thy money, or thou art dead!"

'As I had nothing to give him, I made my apology in the most affecting manner: he levelled a piece to shoot me, but my wife luckily turned it with her hand, and the ball passed over my head. At length, finding we had no money, he asked for plate: my wife gave him some silver trinkets, and he went away.

'A little after came four or five soldiers, who only said, "Wicked priest, what doest thou here?" Having said thus much, they departed.

'We were now inclined to shelter ourselves in the uppermost lodgings of the house, hoping there to be less exposed and better concealed. We entered a chamber that had several beds in it, and passed some time there in the most insupportable agonies. Nothing was heard in the streets but the cries of the expiring people;

nor were the houses much more quiet: everything was burst open or cut to pieces.

'We were soon discovered in our retirement: a number of soldiers poured in, and one who carried a hatchet made an attempt to cleave my skull, but a companion hindered him and said, "Comrade, what are you doing? Don't you perceive that he is a clergyman?"

'When these were gone a single soldier came in, to whom my wife gave a crape handkerchief off her neck; upon which he retired without offering us any injury.

'His successor was not so reasonable; for, entering the chamber with his sword drawn, he immediately discharged a blow upon my head, saying, "Priest, give me thy money!" The stroke stunned me; the blood gushed out in abundance, and frightened my wife and servant to that degree, that they both continued motionless. The barbarian turned round to my wife, aimed a blow at her, but it glanced fortunately on her gown, which happened to be lined with furs, and wounded her not.

'Amazed to see us so submissive and patient, he looked at us fixedly for some moments. I laid hold of this interval to represent to him that I was not in my own house, being come to

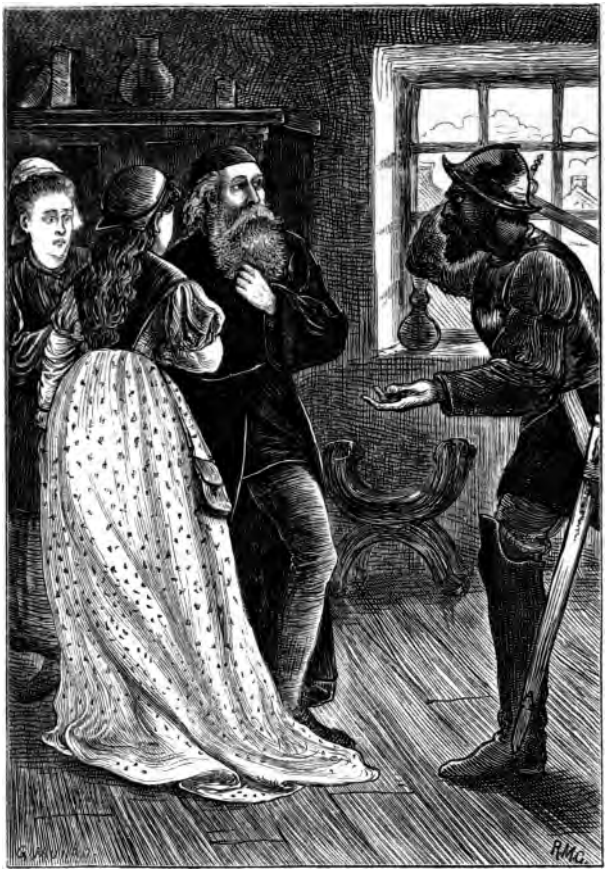
the place where I was, to discharge my duty to a dying person; but if he would grant us quarter and protect us to our home, I would then bestow upon him all I had.

'"Agreed, priest," said he. "Give me thy wealth, and I will give thee the watchword: it is 'Jesu Maria;' pronounce that, and no one will hurt thee!" We went down-stairs directly, highly contented to have found such a protector.

'The street was covered with the dead and dying; their cries were enough to have pierced the hearts of the greatest barbarians. We walked over the bodies, and when we arrived at the church of St. Catherine we met an officer of distinction on horseback. This generous person soon discovered us, and seeing me covered with blood, said to the person who conducted us: "Fellow-soldier, fellow-soldier, take care what you do to these persons." At the same time he said to my wife: "Madam, is yonder house yours?"

'My wife having answered that it was—"Well," added he, "take hold of my stirrup, conduct me thither, and you shall have quarter."

'Then turning to me, and making a sign to the soldiers with his hand, he said to me:



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"Gentlemen of Magdeburg, you yourselves are the occasion of this destruction; you might have acted otherwise."

'The soldier who had used me ill, took this opportunity to steal away.

'Upon entering my house we found it filled with a multitude of plunderers, whom the officer, who was a colonel, ordered away. He then said he would take up his lodgings with us; and having posted two soldiers as a guard for us, left us, with a promise to return forthwith. We gave, with great cheerfulness, a good breakfast to our sentinels, who complimented us on the lucky fortune of falling into their colonel's hands; at the same time representing to us that their fellow-soldiers made a considerable booty while they continued inactive, merely as a safeguard to us, and therefore beseeching us to render them an equivalent to a certain degree. Upon this I gave them four rose-nobles, with which they were well contented, and showed so much humanity as to make us an offer to go and search for any acquaintance whom we desired to place in safety with us. I told them I had one particular friend who had escaped to the cathedral, as I conjectured, and promised them a good gratuity on his part if they saved

his life. One of them, accompanied by my maid-servant, went to the church, and called my friend often by name: but it was all in vain—no one answered; and we never heard mention of him from that period.

'Some moments after, our colonel returned, and asked if any one had offered us the least incivility.

'After we had justified the soldiers in this respect, he hastened abroad to see if there was any possibility to extinguish the fire, which had already seized a great part of the city.

'He had hardly got into the street when he returned with uncommon hastiness, and said, "Show me the way out of the town, for I see plainly we shall perish in the flames if we stay here a few minutes longer."

'Upon this we threw the best of our goods and moveables into a vaulted cellar, covered the trap-door with earth, and made our escape. My wife took nothing with her but my robe; my maid seized a neighbour's infant child by the hand, whom we found crying at his father's door, and led him away.

'We found it impossible to pass through the gates of the town, which were all in a flame; and the streets burnt with great fury on either

side. In a word, the heat was so intense, that it was with difficulty we were able to breathe.

'Having made several unsuccessful attempts, we determined at last to make our escape on the side of the town next the Elbe. The streets were clogged with dead bodies, and the groans of the dying were insupportable. The Walloons and Croatians attacked us every moment; but our generous colonel protected us from their fury.

'When we gained the bastion, which stands on the bank of the Elbe, we descended it by the scaling-ladders which the Imperialists had made use of in the assault, and arrived at length in the enemy's camp, near Rottensee, thoroughly fatigued and extremely alarmed.

'The colonel made us enter his tent, and presented us with some refreshments. That ceremony being over—"Well," said he, "having saved your lives, what return do you make me?" We told him that, for the present, we had nothing to bestow; but that we would transfer to him all the money and plate that we had buried in the cellar, which was the whole of our worldly possessions.

'At this instant many Imperial officers came in, and one chanced to say a few words to me

in Latin, condoling with me. The distressed state I found myself in made me unable to give a proper reply to the condolences of a man who carried arms against those whose religion he professed, and whose hard fortune he pretended to deplore.

'Next day the colonel sent one of his domestics with my maid-servant, to search for the treasure we had buried in the cellar; but they returned without success, because, as the fire still continued, they could not approach the trap-door. In the meanwhile, the colonel made us his guests at his own table; and during our whole stay treated us not as prisoners, but as intimate friends.

'One day at dinner, an officer of the company happened to say that our sins were the cause of all the evil we suffered, and that God had made use of the Catholic army to chastise us; to whom my wife replied, "that the observation, perhaps, was but too true. However, take care," continued she, "lest God in the end should throw that very scourge into the flames." This sort of prophecy was fulfilled soon afterwards on the selfsame Imperial army, which was almost totally destroyed at the Battle of Leipzig.

'At length I ventured one day to ask our colonel to give us leave to depart; he complied immediately, on condition that we paid our ransom. Next morning I sent my maid into the town, to try if there was any possibility of penetrating into the cellar. She was more fortunate that day, and returned with all our wealth.

'Having returned our thanks to our deliverer, he immediately ordered a passport to be prepared for us, with permission to retire to whatever place we should think proper; and made us a present of a crown, to defray the expense of our journey. This brave Spaniard was colonel of the regiment of Savelli, and named Don Joseph de Ainsa.'

A fisherman's son, who was a child at the time of the taking of Magdeburg, gives the following account of it. He survived it nearly ninety years:—

'On the 10th of May, early in the morning, at the time the master of our school was reading prayers, a report flew through the streets that the town was taken, which was confirmed by the ringing of the alarm bells.

'Our master dismissed us all in a moment, saying, "My dear children, hasten to your homes,

and recommend yourselves to the protection of God, for it is highly probable we shall meet no more except in heaven." In an instant we all disappeared, some one way, and some another. For my own part, I took my course with speed along the High Street, and found where the public steelyards are (and where the grand guard of the city was kept) a considerable body of troops with their swords drawn; and saw near them, and at a distance round them, a great number of soldiers stretched dead upon the pavement.

'Terrified with so melancholy a sight, I shaped my course down the street called Pelican, with a view to conceal myself in my father's house, but had hardly advanced a few steps before I fell in with a band of soldiers, who had that moment murdered a man whom I saw weltering in his blood.

'This sight shocked me to such a degree that I had not power to move forwards; but sheltering myself in a house opposite to the Pelican Inn, found a kind-speaking, middle-aged man, who said to me: "Child, why comest thou hither? Save thyself before the soldiers seize thee."

'I was strongly tempted to put his advice

in practice, but in that moment a party of Croatians rushed in, and, holding a sabre to his throat, demanded his wealth. The old man immediately opened a coffer to them, full of gold and silver and precious stones. They crammed their pockets with his riches; yet, as the coffer was not emptied, they filled a small basket with the part that remained, and then shot the poor old man through the head.

'I stole away behind them, and found a place of safety among some empty casks, and there found a young lady, perfectly handsome, who conjured me to remove, and make no mention of her. Anxiously reflecting where to dispose of myself, the same Croatians surprised me again, and one of them said, "Dog, carry this basket for us!" I took it up immediately, and followed them wherever they went.

'They entered several cellars, and robbed all persons that fell into their hands, without remorse. As we ascended from one of these cellars, we saw, with astonishment, that the flames had seized upon the whole fore part of the house. We rushed through the fire, and saved ourselves. In all probability, every soul was destroyed that remained within doors. As for my father, mother, and relations, I never

heard a syllable concerning them, from that time to the present.'

Some blamed Gustavus for not having hastened to the relief of Magdeburg. He published a defence of his conduct, saying that he could not obtain from the Electors of Brandenburg and Saxony permission for his army to pass, nor such assistance as he absolutely required in order to relieve the city. 'The Elector of Saxony,' says the biographer of Gustavus Adolphus, 'was almost frightened out of his wits by the impending danger. He was in a distressing state of irresolution and perplexity, which delayed for some time the movements of the Swedish king. At length, finding that Gustavus would not move forward until the Electors had pledged themselves to support him, they marched two strong bodies of troops to join him. The confederated armies met about three leagues from Leipzig.

'On the 7th of September 1631 the hostile armies came in sight of each other. Tilly and Pappenheim, commanding the Imperial army, estimated at forty-four thousand men, occupied a strong position near Leipzig. Tilly had taken that city two days before. Two hundred burning villages had marked the course of his march.

The troops of Gustavus were inferior in number, yet here he won a glorious victory. The details of this battle may be found in many histories. The king wrote to his sister in Sweden, to tell her of his success:—"On the 7th of this month we delivered General Tilly an open battle, in which God fought for and with us, and granted us such grace, that, after a hard combat, we remained masters of the field; slew some thousands of the enemy's men; put him to flight; took all his cannon, great and small; won from him sixty-six standards and twenty-two cornets; and so utterly ruined his army, that we may go unhindered whither it pleaseth us."'

This victory secured the freedom of Germany, and delivered the Protestants from the bitter persecution which they would have inevitably suffered if the Imperialists had been the conquerors.

III.

THE DEATH OF THE HERO.

'Obscure, in massive thunder-clouds,
  Stretches the battle far.
One point alone of all the field
  Where rolls the tide of war,
Within thy feeble gaze can fall;
Then trust to God the mighty all.
When fallen are those who firmest stood;
  When strange afflictions come,
Baffling the keenest gaze, that would
In seeming ill find certain good,
  Then trust Him, and be dumb.
Trust Him in darkness, as in light:
Faith is for earth—for heaven, sight.'

F. A. P., in *Excelsior.*

WE must leave to the historian to describe the victorious march of Gustavus Adolphus through Germany, giving only some of the most interesting incidents.

Among the many German towns taken by Gustavus, one of great importance was Wurtzburg. 'Gustavus appeared before it on the 4th

of October. The town surrendered immediately; but the castle of Marienburg, its citadel—crowning a hill, partly covered with vineyards, partly barren and craggy, and defended by a garrison of a thousand men—promised a protracted resistance.

'On retiring from the town, the garrison broke down two arches of the bridge communicating with that castle, and conveyed the boats under the walls of the outworks. The king, however (having sent over Lieutenant Ramsay, and by his means recovered boats enough to transport his troops across to the other side), effected a landing in the face of the enemy, forced him up the hill, and began opening his trenches for the siege.

'A bold stroke and ready wit hastened the reduction of the fortress.

'On the morning appointed for the assault, a young Livonian, of Scottish parentage, reconnoitring before daybreak at the entrance of the castle, found the drawbridge down, the garrison being about to make a sally. He had only seven soldiers with him; but to the challenge of the sentry he boldly answered "Swedes," and, springing forward with his followers, kept down the drawbridge. The guards, imagining the

whole Swedish force to be at his back, retreated within the second gate of the castle, where the king, arriving soon after, forced an entrance with the enemy's own cannon, taken from the ramparts. After a short struggle, the Swedes had triumphed.'

Among the Swedish leaders who contributed the most to the taking of Wurtzburg, Leonard Torstenson is especially mentioned. Like his master Gustavus, he was pious as well as brave. He is thus described by a writer in the *Sunday at Home*:—'Gentle as a child was Leonard Torstenson. He loved the society of simple, earnest Christians, and his great joy was communion with his God. By long imprisonment, at one period of his life, in a damp cell, his health had been injured, and he was subject to excessive pain; but in the midst of the worst paroxysms he preserved a placid countenance, saying, "It is the Lord! If I should give thanks for *all things*, then surely for this too; so I will give thanks till I forget my pain." No cloud of passion ever crossed his brow, no unjust reproof was administered, no meritorious act in the meanest of his dependents forgotten. When at the head of his troops, and about to engage in battle, he used to uncover his head and kneel

on the green sward before the ranks, pouring out an affectionate prayer to the God of armies, till the hardened cheek of the soldier would be wetted with a tear. When he gave the command to charge, the torrent was irresistible; and when the lines of the enemy began to yield, his silvery voice was heard in the thickest of the fight, crying: "For the defence of pure and undefiled religion! For the salvation of our souls, and the souls of our children! For the word of God against Popish bigotry!" None of his charges was ever known in such case to yield. The enemy are said to have been more dispirited by hearing that he had reached the camp, than if they had been informed that a reinforcement of thousands of troops had arrived.'

We pass briefly over the king's march through Germany, which gladdened the princes and the Imperial cities that had felt the yoke of the oppressor most heavily.

On the 6th of November 1632 the Battle of Lützen was fought, in which the Swedes obtained a victory, but their great king lost his life while leading them on. Gustavus was brave even to rashness; and while he exhorted his troops to spare not their blood or lives for the

good cause in which they were engaged, he himself showed them the example. The king passed the night before the battle in his carriage, chiefly in conversation with his generals. Early in the morning he had prayers read to himself by his chaplain Fabricius. The army sang Luther's famous hymn, which is thus translated by Dr. W. L. Alexander:

'A Fortress firm is God our Lord,
A sure defence and weapon;
Prompt help in need He doth afford,
Let happen what may happen:
Our ancient wicked foe
Full of wrath doth go,
With much craft and might,
In horrid armour dight:
On earth is not his fellow.

'Of our own might we nothing can;
We lie forlorn, dejected;
There fights for us the rightful Man,
By God Himself elected.
Dost thou inquire His name?
Jesus Christ? The same!
Lord of Hosts is He.
Besides Him none can be:
'Tis He the field that keepeth.

'And were this world of devils full,
For our destruction eager,
That should not our firm faith annul;
We would abide their leaguer.

The prince of this lost world,
From his empire hurled,
Though with rage he roar,
Is judged, and can no more:
A world shall overthrow him.

'Hold fast that word which must remain,
Let no dark doubt invade us;
He will be with us on the plain,
With gifts and grace to aid us.
Let life and honour fall,
Let them take our all,
Still our course we'll keep,
No prize from us they'll reap:
For us the kingdom waiteth.'

His Majesty himself began to sing gladly another hymn: 'Jesus Christ our Saviour—He overcame death.'

Since his wound at Dirschau, Gustavus had found it painful to wear armour, and on this occasion he wore his doublet and greatcoat without armour. He mounted his horse without having taken any refreshment. He exposed his life as freely as any of the common soldiers in his army. He was far from looking upon himself as indispensable. He considered himself as but an instrument in God's hands, working in God's cause; and he believed that if he were taken away, other instruments would be raised

up. When Axel Oxenstierna warned him not so rashly to expose himself to death, his reply was, 'God Almighty liveth.' More cheerful and heroic courage never existed.

On the morning of his last battle he rode through the ranks, encouraging the troops. 'Make yourselves ready,' said he; 'and hold you well, as becomes brave soldiers. Stand fast by one another, and fight like true knights, for your God, for your fatherland, and your king.'

To the Germans he said: 'You shall not merely fight under me, but with me, and beside me. I myself will go before you, and here venture life and blood. If ye will follow me, I trust in God that ye will win a victory which shall come to good for you and your descendants.'

After a few more words, which were received by the soldiers with clash of arms and joyful shouts, the king waved his sword over his head, and advanced forward, the foremost of all his army.

When the tidings of the capture of the first battery had reached him, he uncovered his head and thanked God. Over against him stood the Croats and the Imperial cuirassiers —the latter clad from head to foot in dark ac-

coutrements. He pointed to them, and said to the Finnish colonel Stalhandske: 'Tackle to the black lads; they are coming to do us mischief.' At the moment he learned that the infantry were giving way, he placed himself at the head of the Smaland cavalry to hasten to their aid,—too impetuously; for he was separated from his troops, and fell himself among the enemy's cuirassiers. His horse received a pistol-shot through its neck; a second broke the bone of the king's left arm. As the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg was supporting him out of the battle, an Imperial cuirassier came behind him, and shot him in the back. He then fell from his horse, and other cuirassiers coming up, ran their sabres through the king's body several times, and stripped him.

The bleeding charger of Gustavus Adolphus running loose, was the first messenger of disaster to his army. A murmur that the king was taken and wounded flew through the ranks. They rushed with such fury on the enemy, that they gained a complete victory.

The lifeless body of the hero, stripped, trampled, and disfigured, was rescued from the enemy by Colonel Stalhandske. It was brought in the night from the battle-field to the church

of the village of Meuchen. The schoolmaster of the place prepared a simple coffin, in which it was conveyed to Wittemberg, then to Wolgast, and thence to Sweden. The inconsolable wife of Gustavus would not at first consent to the burial of his body, which she wished to keep near her. It was not till the 18th of June 1634 that the funeral procession of the great Gustavus commenced its solemn march into Stockholm. 'The crowds assembled to witness, or to take part in the ceremony, were so great that the town could scarcely contain them. The corpse, placed on a silver bier, was supported by four and twenty nobles; it was covered with a velvet pall, on which was a white cross, and the emblazoned arms of the various provinces of the realm of Sweden. A hundred nobles marched in front of the bier with ensigns of triumph, on which the king's conquests were briefly enumerated. Eight large guns, taken from the enemy, each drawn by twenty black horses, headed the procession. To the car upon which the corpse was deposited during the different stages of the journey, were harnessed six milk-white horses with black housings. It was encircled by the usual military array.

'When the procession formed at Stockholm,

the funeral pomp was conducted with an increase of melancholy splendour. The objects, however, which excited the most interest were not the most striking to the eye, but those which had been connected during his lifetime with him who was now bearing an unconscious part in the pageant,—the standards and guns taken in his German victories, his armour, his war-horse, his sword stained with blood as it was found near him on the field of Lützen; Leonard Torstenson, and others, who had been the companions of his toils and triumphs; above all, the two queens—his bereaved daughter, and his afflicted widow,—of the whole crowd of mourners in that sorrowful assemblage the most pitiable, and the most distressed.

The body was deposited in a sepulchral chapel in the 'Riddarholms Kyrkan' (church), in Stockholm. 'Around his tomb were placed the trophies of his victories,—standards, drums, and keys of towns: several of his swords are also placed there, and the clothes in which he was killed, and which are stained with his blood. His sarcophagus bears the appropriate inscription, "*Moriens triumphavit*," for he died as he had lived—victorious alike over his own passions, and the enemies of his faith and country.'

'The spot where Gustavus fell, in the Battle of Lützen, is marked by a stone called "The Stone of the Swede." It is a rude, unsquared block of granite; one of the most southern of those mysterious boulders which have been transported from the mountains of Scandinavia. It is set up, shaded by a few poplars, and is further distinguished by a Gothic canopy of cast-iron, recently raised over it.'

Gustavus Adolphus was taken away in his thirty-eighth year. Never has one man's death made a deeper impression throughout a whole quarter of the world. Wheresoever his name had been heard, a ray of hope for the oppressed had penetrated. Even the Greek, at its sound, dreamed of freedom; and prayers for the success of the Swedish monarch's arms were sent up at the Holy Sepulchre. What, then, must he not have been for the partners of his faith? We may conceive this; nay, rather, it is no longer possible to do so. The feelings with which the inhabitants of Augsburg, with streaming tears, crowded to the evangelical worship restored by Gustavus Adolphus; the feelings with which the people in Saxony, on bended knees, stretched out thankful hands to the hero,

for the second time their saviour,—are become strange to the world in which we live. In those days men felt their dangers, and knew how to requite their deliverer worthily. We speak of the people, whose champion Gustavus was, by his cause as well as by his qualities.

Oxenstierna says of him: 'He was a prince, God-fearing in all his doings and transactions, even to the death.'

What greater praise can be bestowed upon any man, than that he was 'God-fearing?'

'How great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee!'—Psalm xxxi. 19.

'The Lord will bless them that fear Him.'—Psalm cxv. 13.

We conclude this brief notice of the 'Lion of the North,' the pious hero king, with his own battle-song, said to have been composed by himself, translated into English by Altenburg:

BATTLE-SONG OF GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
  Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints!
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
  Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs:
  Leave it to Him, our Lord;
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise,
  To save us and His word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth or hell, with all their crew,
  Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are His own,
  Our victory cannot fail.

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare;
  Fight for us once again.
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
  World without end. Amen.

NOTES.

The Tulchan Bishops (p. 130).—In the year 1572, through the influence of the Earl of Morton, a peculiar description of bishops was introduced for a short time into the Scotch Church. These bishops were nominally put in possession of the whole benefices, but were to rest satisfied with a small portion to themselves, and enter into a private bargain to deliver up the rest to the Earl of Morton, and other noblemen who acted with him. 'The ministers who were so mean as to accept of bishoprics under this disgraceful and simoniacal system, exposed themselves to general contempt, and were called, by way of derision, *tulchan bishops*,—a tulchan being a calf's skin stuffed with straw, which the country-people set up beside the cow, to induce her to give her milk more freely. "The bishop," it was said, "had the title, but my lord had the milk." They were, indeed, mere phantom bishops, for most of them had no episcopal ordination; and they had no share in the government of the church.

'The first tulchan bishop was Mr. John Douglas, a simple old man, whom Morton presented to the see of St. Andrews. "That was the first time I heard Mr. Patrick Constantine," says James Melville, "the week after the bishop was made. In his sermon he made three sorts of bishops: my lord bishop, my lord's bishop, and the Lord's bishop. My lord bishop, said he, was in the Papistry; my lord's bishop is now, when my lord gets the benefice, and the bishop serves for nothing but to make his title sure; and the Lord's bishop is the true minister of the gospel."'

The Swedish bishops seemed to have been far more worldly wise than the Scottish, in that, although they accepted the bishopric merely for its revenues, they succeeded at least in keeping a larger share of the spoil to themselves.

Bark-bread (p. 132).—Hard necessity has taught the inhabitants of Sweden, Lapland, and Kamtschatka to convert the inner bark of the fir-tree into bread. To effect this, they in the spring season make choice of the tallest and fairest trees; then stripping off carefully the outer bark, they collect the soft, white, succulent interior bark, and dry it in the shade. When they have occasion to use it, they first toast it at the fire, then grind it, and, after steeping the flour in warm water to take off the resinous taste, they make it into thin cakes, which are baked for use. On this strange food the poor inhabitants are sometimes constrained to live for a whole year; and, we are told, through custom, become at last even fond of it. Linnæus remarks, that this same bark-bread will fatten swine; and humanity obliges us to wish that men might never be reduced to the necessity of robbing them of such food. The interior bark, of which the above-mentioned bread is made, the Swedish boys frequently peel off the trees in the spring, and eat raw with greedy appetite.

Missen-bread (p. 132).—The process of making Missen-bread of the roots of the water-dragon (*Calla palustris*), and sometimes fir-bark, is thus described by Linnæus:—'The roots of the plant are taken up in spring, before the leaves come forth, and, after being extremely well washed, are dried either in the sun or in the house. The fibrous parts are then taken away, and the remainder dried in an oven. Afterwards it is bruised in a hollow vessel or tub, made of fir-wood, about three feet deep; as is also practised occasionally with the fir-bark. The dried roots are chopped in this vessel with a kind of spade, like cabbage for making sour kale (sour crout), till they become as small as peas or oatmeal,

when they acquire a pleasant sweetish smell; after which they are ground. The meal is boiled slowly in water, being continually kept stirring, till it grows as thick as flummery. In this state it is left standing in the pot for three or four days and nights. Some persons let it remain for twenty-four hours; but the longer the better, for if used immediately it is bitter and acrid, both which qualities go off by keeping. It is mixed for use either with the meal made of fir-bark, or with some other kind of flour, not being usually to be had in sufficient quantity by itself; for the plant is in many places very scarce, though here (Tordjörfen) in such abundance that cart-loads of it are collected at a time. This kind of flummery, being mixed with flour, as I have just mentioned, is baked into bread, which proves as tough as rye-bread, but is perfectly sweet and white.'

P. 150.—Eric's history is, in great measure, written in his own journal—which had a singular fate, and is, in more than one respect, an evidence of the misfortunes of Eric's family. It was pawned by his exiled son, Gustavus Ericson, to an innkeeper of Wilna; again redeemed by Gregory Larson, a Swede, in the service of King Sigismund, in the year 1603; and saved by Aco Ralaurt (November 22, 1673) from destruction in a grocer's booth at Paris, where it had been sold, with many other Swedish records, by the dwarf of King John Cassimir, who had followed his master to France.

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